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Extra Number FF

RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

POEMS FOR READING
AND MEMORIZING
FIRST AND SECOND
GRADES

Prescribed by the New York State
Education Department in the
Elementary Syllabus in Language
and Literature, 1919



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

Prescribed by the New York State Education
Department in the Elementary Syllabus
in Language and Literature, 1919



BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
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POEMS FOR READING AND MEMORIZING IN THE FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

GROUP I. POEMS BY
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

BEES

BEES don't care about the snow;
I can tell you why that's so:

Once I caught a little bee
Who was much too warm for me!

A DEWDROP

LITTLE drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me then, at night
Are you in the sky?

DAISIES

AT evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I 'm dreaming so, 5
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There 's not a star left in the skies; 10
She 's picked them all and dropped them
down
Into the meadows of the town.

FLYING KITE

I OFTEN sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze, and go
Whatever way it chanced to blow.
Then I could look beyond the town, 5
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail
Like me before the merry gale,
Until at last with them I came
To some place with a foreign name. 10

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS, I hang for you,
By the mantel, stockings two:
One for me and one to go
To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town 5
You have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there
You would find a room all bare:
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you might try; 10
And the shoes, you'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys 15
Which you bring to other boys,
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.
All he dreams then, Santa Claus,
Stuff the stocking with, because 20
When it's filled up to the brim
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

ROBIN'S APOLOGY

ONE morning in the garden
I heard the robin's song:

“I really beg your pardon
For tarrying so long;

“And this is just the reason, — 5
Whatever way I flew,
I met a backward season,
Which kept me backward too.”

THE ROSE'S CUP

DOWN in a garden olden, —
Just where, I do not know, —
A buttercup all golden
Chanced near a rose to grow;
And every morning early, 5
Before the birds were up,
A tiny dewdrop pearly
Fell in this little cup.

This was the drink of water
The rose had every day; 10
But no one yet has caught her
While drinking in this way.
Surely, it is no treason
To say she drinks so yet,
For that may be the reason 15
Her lips with dew are wet.

SMILES AND TEARS

I SMILE, and then the Sun comes
out;
He hides away whene'er I pout;
He seems a very funny sun
To do whatever he sees done.

And when it rains he disappears; 5
Like me, he can't see through the
tears.
Now is n't that the reason why
I ought to smile and never cry?

In more than this is he like me ;
For every evening after tea 10
He closes up his eyelids tight,
And opens them at morning's light.

ELFIN LAMPS

WHY all the stars in the sky are so bright,
I am sure no one knows but them-
selves up there.
Are they the lamps which are hung out
at night
For the fays and the gnomes and the
elves up there?

THE SNOW-BIRD

WHEN all the ground with snow is white,
The merry snow-bird comes,
And hops about with great delight
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat 5
A piece of cake or bread !
He wears no shoes upon his feet,
Nor hat upon his head.

But happiest is he, I know,
Because no cage with bars 10
Keeps him from walking on the snow
And printing it with stars.

GHOST FAIRIES

WHEN the open fire is lit,
In the evening after tea,
Then I like to come and sit
Where the fire can talk to me.

Fairy stories it can tell, 5
Tales of a forgotten race, —
Of the fairy ghosts that dwell
In the ancient chimney place.

They are quite the strangest folk
Anybody ever knew, 10
Shapes of shadow and of smoke
Living in the chimney flue.

“Once,” the fire said, “long ago,
With the wind they used to rove,
Gipsy fairies, to and fro, 15
Camping in the field and grove.

“Hither with the trees they came
Hidden in the logs; and here,
Hovering above the flame,
Often some of them appear.” 20

So I watch, and, sure enough,
I can see the fairies! Then,
Suddenly there comes a puff
Whish! — and they are gone
again!

THE FOUR WINDS

In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;
For 't is the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know 5
That soon the crocus buds will show;

For 't is the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose, 10
For 't is the wind to her who speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn 's out its cup;
For 't is the wind who takes it out, 15
And plants an oak somewhere about.

CLOUDS

THE sky is full of clouds to-day,
And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise 5
Around the housetops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys, —
They 're driving home their sheep.

The clouds move faster now ; and see !
The west is red and gold. 10
Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep,

And dream that far beyond the hill 15
The shepherds fold their sheep.

Then in the sky the trembling stars
Like little flowers shine out,
While Night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about. 20

I hear the shepherd wind's good night—
“Good-night, and happy sleep!”—
And dream that in the east all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep.

GOLDEN-ROD

SPRING is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere 5
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back, 10
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost 15
Will go and put the torches out!

LEAVES AT PLAY

SCAMPER, little leaves, about
In the autumn sun;
I can hear the old Wind shout,
Laughing as you run,
And I have n't any doubt 5
That he likes the fun.

When you've run a month or so,
Very tired you'll get;
But the same old Wind, I know,
Will be laughing yet 10
When he tucks you in your snow-
Downy coverlet.

So, run on and have your play,
Romp with all your might;
Dance across the autumn day, 15
While the sun is bright.
Soon you'll hear the old Wind say,
"Little leaves, Good-night!"

GROUP II. POEMS BY VARIOUS
AUTHORS

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND
BEAUTIFUL

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens, 5
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate, 10
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning, 15
That brightens up the sky; —

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden, —
He made them every one; 20

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day; —

He gave us eyes to see them, 25
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
Cecil Frances Alexander

KIND HEARTS

KIND hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Take care of your garden 5
And keep out the weeds.
Fill, fill it with sunshine,
Kind words and kind deeds.
Anonymous

LITTLE BO-PEEP

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they 'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep, 5
And dreamed she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then she up took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ; 10
She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they 'd left all their tails behind
'em.

Anonymous

LITTLE BY LITTLE

“LITTLE by little,” an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
“I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away.”

Little by little, each day it grew ; 5
Little by little, it sipped the dew ;

Downward it sent out a thread-like
root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.

Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear; 10
And the slender branches spread far
and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark
blue sea,
An insect train work ceaselessly. 14
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.

Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play,
Rocks upon rocks, they are rearing
high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny
sky. 20

The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gayly
smile.
On the buds and the flowers of the
coral isle. 24

“Little by little,” said a thoughtful boy,
“Moment by moment, I’ll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall
dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.” 30

“Little by little, I’ll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days, perhaps, we’ll see
That the world will be the better for
me”;
And do you not think that this simple
plan 35
Made him a wise and useful man?
Anonymous

LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity

Thus our little errors
 Lead the soul away 10
From the path of virtue
 Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden, 15
 Like the heaven above.

Anonymous

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE

SOME little drops of water
 Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
 Once happened to agree.

A white cloud was their carriage; 5
 Their horse, a playful breeze;
And over town and country
 They rode along at ease.

But, oh! there were so many,
 At last the carriage broke, 10
And to the ground came tumbling
 Those frightened little folk.

Among the grass and flowers
 They then were forced to roam,

Until a brooklet found them 15
And carried them all home.

Anonymous

ROBIN REDBREAST

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST sat upon a
tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came pussy-cat, and away Robin
ran ;
Said little Robin Redbreast, " Catch me
if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a
wall, 5
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost
got a fall ;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what
did pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said naught but " Mew," and
Robin flew away.

Anonymous

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,

*“ O mother dear,
We sadly fear
That we have lost our mittens.”* 5

*“ Lost your mittens !
You naughty kittens !
Then you shall have no pie.”
“ Mew, mew, mew.”
“ No, you shall have no pie.” 10
“ Mew, mew, mew.”*

Three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
*“ O mother dear,
See here, see here ! 15
See ! we have found our mittens.”*

*“ What ! found your mittens !
You little kittens !
Then you may have some pie.”
“ Purr, purr, purr ; 20
O let us have the pie !
Purr, purr, purr.”*

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
*“ O mother dear, 25
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.”*

“ Soiled your mittens !
You naughty kittens ! ”
Then they began to sigh, 30
“ *Mew, mew, mew.* ”
Then they began to sigh,
“ *Mew, mew, mew.* ”

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry. 35
“ *O mother dear,
Look here, look here !
See! we have washed our mittens.* ”

“ Washed your mittens !
Oh, you ’re good kittens, 40
But I smell a rat close by :
Hush ! hush ! ” “ *Mew, mew.*
We smell a rat close by.
Mew, mew, mew. ”

Anonymous

WHO LIKES THE RAIN ?

“ I,” SAID the duck, “ I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on ;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack ! Quack !
Quack ! ”

“I,” cried the dandelion, “I, 5
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry ”;
And she lifted a trowsled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

“I hope ’t will pour ! I hope ’t will pour !”
Purred the tree-toad at his gray back door,
“For, with a broad leaf for a roof, 11
I am perfectly weather proof.”

Sang the brook : “I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be, 15
And could find my way out to the sea.”

“I,” shouted Ted, “for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my rain-coat
on,
Through every puddle and runlet and
pool
That I find on my way to school.” 20

Clara Doty Bates

THE LAMB

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o’er the mead ;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee? 10

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child. 15

I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee! 20

William Blake

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call, 5
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;

He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is
nigh.

William Blake

FRIENDS

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace 5
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things, 10
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear, 15
Wherever he may be.

Abbie Farwell Brown

I KNOW

WHO taught the first little girl how to
rest?

I know, I know!

The good little birds flutter back to the
nest,

And each pretty flower-bud knows it is
best

To sleep when the sun drowzes into the
west; 5

They taught her to rest,

I know.

Abbie Farwell Brown

DRESSMAKING

MY mother buys a piece of cloth

To make a frock for me,

She cuts it up in little bits,

Though why I cannot see.

She cuts it all in little bits, 5.

And then, with might and main,

She sews and sews and sews and sews,

And sews it up again!

Abbie Farwell Brown

THE LITTLE PLANT

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine, 5
“And creep to the light.”
“Wake!” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see 10
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

Kate L. Brown

THREE BUGS

THREE little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for *two*!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me, or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all; 5
But what should *three* bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;

And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you ; 10
So the strong ones said, " We will eat
the bread,
And that is what we 'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold ;
So they all three fell to quarreling — 15
The white, and the black, and the gold ;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And *one* was out in the cold !

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew, 20
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the
bugs,
And so the quarrel grew !

And so there was *war* in the basket, 25
Ah, pity 't is, 't is true !
But he that was frozen and starved at
last,
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from *both* of the
bugs,
And killed and *ate* them, too ! 30

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree —
The white, and the black, and the
gold —
And share what comes of the beds and
crumbs, 35
And leave no bug in the cold!

Alice Cary

THE ENVIOUS WREN

ON the ground lived a hen,
In a tree lived a wren,
Who picked up her food here and there;
While biddy had wheat
And all nice things to eat, 5
Said the wren, "I declare, 't is n't fair!"

"It is really too bad,"
She exclaimed — she was mad —
"To go out when it is raining this way!
And to earn what you eat, 10
Does n't make your food sweet,
In spite of what some folks may say.

"Now there is that hen,"
Said this cross little wren,

33

“ She’s fed till she’s fat as a drum ; 15
While I strive and sweat
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

“ I can’t see for my life
Why the old farmer’s wife
Treats her so much better than me ;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round
For a while, and just see what I ’ll see.”

Said this cute little wren, 25
 " I 'll make friends with the hen,
 And perhaps she will ask me to stay ;
 And then upon bread
 Every day I 'd be fed,
 And life would be nothing but play." 30

So down flew the wren.
 "Stop to tea," said the hen;
 And soon biddy's supper was sent;
 But scarce stopping to taste,
 The poor bird left in haste,
 And this was the reason she went:

When the farmer's kind dame
To the poultry-yard came,

She said—and the wren shook with
fright—

“Biddy’s so fat she’ll do

40

For a pie or a stew,

And I guess I shall kill her to-night.”

Phæbe Cary

THE CHICKEN’S MISTAKE

A LITTLE downy chicken one day

Asked leave to go on the water,

Where she saw a duck with her brood at
play,

Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry, 5

When her mother would n’t let her:

“If the ducks can swim there, why
can’t I;

Are they any bigger or better?”

Then the old hen answered, “Listen to
me

And hush your foolish talking; 10

Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking.”

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,

And did n’t half believe her,

For she seemed to say by a knowing
look, 15

“Such stories could n’t deceive her.”

And as her mother was scratching the
ground,

She muttered lower and lower,

“I know I can go there and not be
drowned,

And so I think I ’ll show her.” 20

Then she made a plunge, where the stream
was deep,

And saw too late her blunder;

For she had n’t hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show 25

The child, my story reading,

That those who are older sometimes
know

What you will do well in heeding.

That each content in his place should
dwell,

And envy not his brother; 30

And any part that is acted well,

Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
 And this is a truth worth knowing. 34
 You will come to grief if you try to go
 Where you never were made for going!

Phæbe Cary

THEY DID N'T THINK

ONCE a trap was baited
 With a piece of cheese;
 It tickled so a little mouse
 It almost made him sneeze;
 An old rat said, "There 's danger, 5
 Be careful where you go!"
 "Nonsense!" said the other,
 "I don't think you know!"
 So he walked in boldly —
 Nobody in sight; 10
 First he took a nibble,
 Then he took a bite;
 Close the trap together
 Snapped as quick as wink,
 Catching mousey fast there, 15
 'Cause he did n't think.

Once a little turkey,
 Fond of her own way,
 Would n't ask the old ones
 Where to go or stay; 20

She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half-grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"

Off she went, but somebody 25

Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.

So she made a supper
For a sly young mink, 30

'Cause she was so headstrong
That she would n't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside 35
And hop upon the floor.

"Oh, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree." 40

"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink. 46

"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I did n't think."

Now, my little children,
 You who read this song, 50
Don't you see what trouble
 Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
 From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking 55
 When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
 Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose we know more
 Than anybody knows; 60
But when you're warned of ruin,
 Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
 'Cause you did n't think.

Phæbe Cary

SUPPOSE!

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose are red?
And would n't it be pleasanter 5
 To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad "'T was Dolly's
 And not your head that broke"?

Suppose you 're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down, 10
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And would n't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house 15
 When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret? 20
 And would n't it be wiser,
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse, 25
 And some a coach and pair,
 Will it tire you less while walking
 To say, "It is n't fair"?
 And would n't it be nobler
 To keep your temper sweet, 30
 And in your heart be thankful
 You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
 Nor the way some people do,

Do you think the whole creation 35
Will be altered just for you?
And is n't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or does n't come,
To do the best you can? 40

Phæbe Cary

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo! 5
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do." 10

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link! 15
Now what do you think?"

Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I would n't be so mean, anyhow! 20
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! 25
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think? 30
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest 35
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "Oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine. 40

Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "Oh, no,
I would n't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid, 45
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?" 50

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow; 55
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again, 60
Why I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.

I 'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again." 65

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir! 70
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard 75
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?" 80

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame, 85
He did n't like to tell his name.

Lydia Maria Child

IF EVER I SEE

IF ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play,
Steal the birds away, 5
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds 10
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me; 15
And then if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

Lydia Maria Child

PRAYING AND LOVING

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN¹

I'LL tell you how the leaves came down.

The great Tree to his children said :

“You 're getting sleepy, Yellow and
Brown,

Yes, very sleepy, little Red.

It is quite time to go to bed.” 5

“Ah!” begged each silly, pouting leaf,

“Let us a little longer stay ;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!

'T is such a very pleasant day,

We do not want to go away.” 10

So, just for one more merry day

To the great Tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced, and had their way,

Upon the autumn breezes swung,

Whispering all their sports among— 15

“Perhaps the great Tree will forget,

And let us stay until the spring,

If we all beg, and coax, and fret.”

¹ By courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear them whispering. 20

“Come, children, all to bed,” he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their
prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the
air. 25

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and
warm. 30

The great bare Tree looked down and
smiled.

“Good-night, dear little leaves,” he
said.

And from below each sleepy child
Replied, “Good-night,” and murmured,
“It is so nice to go to bed!” 35

Susan Coolidge

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

“COME, little leaves,” said the wind one day.

“Come over the meadows with me and play;

Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold.”

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,

Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,

Singing the sweet little song they knew.

“Cricket, good-by, we 've been friends so long,

Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;

Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

“Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,

Say, will you dream of our loving shade?”

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves
went,
Winter had called them, and they were
content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

George Cooper

THE SONG OF THE BEE

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny 6
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax:
On pinks and on lilies, 10
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
He levies a tax!

Buzz! buzz! buzz! 15
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's swinging and toiling

The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary; 20
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do!

Marian Douglas

A CHILD'S PRAYER

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow, —
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower, 5
That giveth joy to all; —
Content to bloom in native bower
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad; 10
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest, — 14
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise, —
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways. 20

Matilda B. Edwards

RUNAWAY BROOK

“ STOP, stop, pretty water ! ”
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook,
That was running away.

“ You run on so fast ! 5
I wish you would stay ;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

“ But I will run after :
Mother says that I may ; 10
For I would know where
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on ;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find 15
Where the brook ran away.

Eliza Lee Follen

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers, 5
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose; 10
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing 15
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain. 20

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread

Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens, 25
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son, 30
And to thee, bless'd Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. AMEN.
Sabine Baring-Gould

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE¹

UNDER a toadstool crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain, to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet. 6

To the next shelter — maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two.
Holding it over him, gayly he flew. 10

¹ By courtesy of the author.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse — “Good gracious me!

“Where is my toadstool?” loud he lamented.
—And that’s how umbrellas first were invented.

Oliver Herford.

LADY MOON

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?

All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep? 6

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love
me;

You are too bold; 10

I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I’m told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you
roving?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
loving?

15

All that love me.

Lord Houghton

GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT! Good-night!

Far flies the light;

But still God's love

Shall flame above,

Making all bright.

Good-night! Good-night!

Victor Hugo

THE LOST DOLL

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,

The prettiest doll in the world;

Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,

And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears, 5

As I played in the heath one day;

And I cried for her more than a week,
dears,

But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day; 10
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world. 16

Charles Kingsley

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of
money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above, 5
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant
fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing! 10
Oh! let us be married; too long we have
tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?”

They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood, 15
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling

Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married
next day

By the Turkey who lives on the hill. 20
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest, 5
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water. 10

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ; 15
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“ Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear thee ! ”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“ Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ? 20
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
Ewa-yea ! my little owlet.”

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet ; 25
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ; 30
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door, on summer evenings, 35
Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;

“Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees, 40

“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle

Lighting up the brakes and bushes, 45

And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

“Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature, 50

Light me with your little candle,

Ere upon my bed I lay me,

Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!”

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water, 55

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis?”

And the good Nokomis answered:

“Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her 60
Up into the sky at midnight;

Right against the moon he threw her;

’Tis her body that you see there.”

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow, 65

Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis?”

And the good Nokomis answered:

“’Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
 All the lilies of the prairie, 70
 When on earth they fade and perish,
 Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,
 "What is that?" he cried in terror; 75
 "What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered:
 "That is but the owl and owlet,
 Talking in their native language,
 Talking, scolding at each other." 80

Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in summer,
 Where they hid themselves in winter, 85
 Talked with them whene'er he met
 them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges, 90
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers." 95

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

BABY

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
and spin? 5
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth
and high?
A soft hand strok'd it as I went by. 10

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?
I saw something better than any one
knows.

Whence that three-corner'd smile of
bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear? 15
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things?
From the same box as the cherubs'
wings. 20

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am
here.

George Macdonald

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

HANG up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget —
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it, 5
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looked so funny and wise.

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest ye merry, gentlemen; let nothing
dismay,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born
on Christmas-day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the
stars shone through the gray,

When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born
on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing
affright,

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born
this happy night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white
flocks sleeping lay,

When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was
born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon
this blessed morn

The Lord of all good Christians was of a
woman born:

Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your
sins He takes away;

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born
on Christmas-day.

Dinah Maria Mulock

BABY SEED SONG

LITTLE brown brother, oh! little brown
brother,

Are you awake in the dark?

Here we lie cosily, close to each other:

Hark to the song of the lark—

“Waken!” the lark says, “waken and
dress you; 5

Put on your green coats and gay,

Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine
caress you—

Waken! 't is morning—'t is May!”

Little brown brother, oh! little brown
brother,

What kind of flower will you be? 10

I'll be a poppy—all white, like my
mother;

Do be a poppy like me.

What! you're a sun-flower? How I shall
miss you

When you're grown golden and high!

But I shall send all the bees up to kiss
you; 15

Little brown brother, good-bye.

Edith Nesbit

MAKING A HOUSE

FIRST of all, I draw the Smoke
Trailing up the sky;
Then the Chimney, underneath;
And Birds all flying by;
Then the House; and every Window, 5
Watching, like an Eye.

Everybody else begins
With the House. But I
Love the Smoke the best of all;
And you don't know why! . . . 10
Here it goes, — like little feathers,
Sailing up the sky!

Josephine Preston Peabody

THE JOURNEY

I NEVER saw the hills so far
And blue, the way the pictures are;

And flowers, flowers growing thick,
But not a one for me to pick!

The land was running from the train, 5
All blurry through the window-pane.

And then it all looked flat and still,
When up there jumped a little hill!

I saw the windows and the spires,
And sparrows sitting on the wires; 10

And fences, running up and down;
And then we cut straight through a town.

I saw a Valley, like a cup;
And ponds that twinkled, and dried up.

I counted meadows, that were burnt; 15
And there were trees, — and then there
were n't!

We crossed the bridges with a roar,
Then hummed, the way we went before.

And tunnels made it dark and light
Like open-work of day and night. 20

Until I saw the chimneys rise,
And lights and lights and lights, like
eyes.

And when they took me through the
door,
I heard It all begin to roar. —

I thought — as far as I could see — 25
That everybody wanted Me!

Josephine Preston Peabody

CHICKENS IN TROUBLE¹

“ O MOTHER, mother! I ’m so cold ! ”

One little chicken grumbled.

“ And, mother! ” cried a second chick,

“ Against a stone I ’ve stumbled. ”

“ And oh ! I am so sleepy now, ”

5

Another chick was moaning ;

While chicken fourth of tired wings,

Kept up a constant groaning.

“ And, mother ! I have such a pain ! ”

Peeped out the chicken baby ;

10

“ That yellow meal did taste so good,

I ’ve eaten too much, may be. ”

“ And there ’s a black, black cloud up.
there, ”

Cried all in fear and wonder ;

“ O mother dear, do spread your wings 15

And let us all creep under. ”

“ There, there, my little dears, come here ;
Your cries are quite distressing, ”

The mother called, and spread her wings

For comfort and caressing.

20

¹ From *Through the Farmyard Gate*. Used by special permission of the publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

And soon beneath her feathers warm,
The little chicks were huddled ;
“ I know what ailed you all,” she said,
“ You wanted to be cuddled.”

And as they nestled cosily 25
And hushed their weak complaining,
She told them that the black, black cloud
Was quite too small for raining.

And one by one they all were soothed,
And out again went straying, 30
Until five happy little chicks
Were in the farmyard playing.

Emilie Poulsson

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you
curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your
breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me, 5
And the wonderful wind is shaking the
tree —

It walks on the water, and whirls the
mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the
hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the
rivers that flow, 10
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and
isles,
And people upon you for thousands of
miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so
small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at
all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-
day, 15
My mother kissed me, and said, quite
gay,

“If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though
you are such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth
cannot!” 20

William Brighty Rands

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS¹

BOATS sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers, 5
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these. 10

Christina G. Rossetti

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE
COUNTRY MOUSE

THE city mouse lives in a house; —
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese; —
The garden mouse eats what he can; 6
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
Poor little timid furry man.

Christina G. Rossetti

¹ The poems by Christina G. Rossetti are all printed by courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

HOW MANY SECONDS IN A MINUTE?

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day? 5
Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week?
Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th. 10

How many months in a year?
Twelve the almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age?
One hundred, says the sage.

How many ages in time? 15
No one knows the rhyme.

Christina G. Rossetti

HURT NO LIVING THING

HURT no living thing:
Ladybird nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap, 5
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

Christina G. Rossetti

THE SWALLOW

FLY away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to
me,
Bringing the summer, and bringing the
sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the
sea, 5
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway
may be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you
fast.

Christina G. Rossetti

“WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?”

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

5

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

Christina G. Rossetti

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the pilgrims' pride,

5

From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,

Land of the noble free,

Thy name I love;

10

I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills;

My heart with rapture thrills

Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, 15
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break, 20
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright 20
 With Freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

WHICH is the Wind that brings the cold?
 The North-Wind, Freddy, and all the
 snow;
 And the sheep will scamper into the fold
 When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?
 The South-Wind, Katy; and corn will
 grow, 6
 And peaches redden for you to eat,
 When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
The East-Wind, Arty; and farmers
know 10

The cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the
flowers?

The West-Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow. 16

Edmund Clarence Stedman

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

I LOVE little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She 'll do me no harm.

So I 'll not pull her tail, 5
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
And I 'll give her some food; 10
And she 'll love me, because
I am gentle and good.

I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Puss does n't like 15
To be worried or teased.

Jane Taylor

THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set, 5
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye 11
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark,
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are, 15
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor

THANK YOU, PRETTY COW

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank, 5
Growing on the weedy bank ;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows, 10
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane Taylor

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go, 5
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon; 10
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the
 nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon; 15
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
 sleep.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

LITTLE BIRDIE

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer, 5
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day? 10
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;

If she sleeps a little longer, 15
Baby too shall fly away.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

WINTER

THE frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here 5
And has bitten the heel of the going
year.

Bite, frost, bite !
You roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse and the plump dor-
mouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are
kill'd, 10
And you bite far into the heart of the
house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite !
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer, 15
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,

You have bitten into the heart of the
earth,
But not into mine.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE SCARECROW

THE farmer looked at his cherry-tree,
With thick buds clustered on every
bough ;
“I wish I could cheat the robins,” said
he;
“If somebody only would show me how!

“I ’ll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and with brist-
ling head,
And up in the tree I ’ll fasten him
To frighten them half to death,” he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and
torn —

Oh, ’t was a horrible thing to see! 10
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry-tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-
foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,

But the scarecrow stood there so much at
home 15
All the birds flew screaming away in
fright.

The robins, who watched him every day,
Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright!
Surveying the monster, began to say,
“Why should this monster our pros-
pects blight? 20

“He never moves round for the roughest
weather,
He’s a harmless, comical, tough old
fellow;
Let’s all go into the tree together,
For he won’t budge till the fruit is
mellow!”

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair 25
Mid the shady branches peered and
perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their
nest! 29
In the scarecrow’s pocket, if you please,

That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and
ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole long day on the ripe fruit
fed; 35
'T was so convenient! They ran no
risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family! 40
Celia Thaxter

“HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE”

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell! 5
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too ; 10
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day 15
Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG

THE ground was all covered with snow
one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird came flitting close by
on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee, 5
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very
long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song ;
“ Oh, sister, look out of the window,” said
she,
“ Here's a dear little bird singing chick-
a-dee-dee.” 10

Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

“ Oh, mother, do get him some stockings
and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if you
choose ;
I wish he 'd come into the parlor, and
see 15
How warm we would make him, poor
chick-a-dee-dee.”

Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

“ There is One, my dear child, though I
cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough
too. 20

Good morning ! Oh, who are so happy
as we ? ”

And away he went singing his chick-a-
dee-dee.

Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

F. C. Woodward

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THIRD GRADE

Prescribed by the New York State
Education Department in the
Elementary Syllabus in Language
and Literature, 1919



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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POEMS FOR READING AND MEMORIZING IN THE THIRD GRADE

GROUP I. POEMS BY LUCY LARCOM

THE BROWN THRUSH

THERE 's a merry brown thrush sitting
up in the tree.

“He 's singing to me! He 's singing
to me!”

And what does he say, little girl, little
boy?

“O, the world 's running over with
joy!

Don't you hear? Don't you see? 5

Hush! Look! In my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be!”

And the brown thrush keeps singing,

“A nest do you see,

And five eggs, hid by me in the juni-
per-tree?

Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl,
little boy, 10

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I 'm glad ! now I 'm free !
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away
in the tree, 15
To you and to me, to you and to me ;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little
boy,
" O, the world 's running over with joy !
But long it won't be,
Don't you know ? don't you see ?
Unless we are as good as can be ? " 21

THE RIVULET

RUN, little rivulet, run !
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines
And the echo that rings where the water-
fall shines ;
Run, little rivulet, run ! 5

Run, little rivulet, run !
Sing to the fields of the sun
That wavers in emerald, shimmers in gold,
Where you glide from your rocky ravine,
crystal-cold ;
Run, little rivulet, run ! 10

Run, little rivulet, run !

Sing of the flowers, every one, —
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue ;
Of the red mountain rose-bud, all drip-
ping with dew ;

Run, little rivulet, run ! 15

Run, little rivulet, run !

Carry the perfume you won
From the lily, that woke when the morn-
ing was gray,
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift
on the bay ;

Run, little rivulet, run ! 20

Run, little rivulet, run !

Stay not till summer is done !
Carry the city the mountain-birds' glee ;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea ;

Run, little rivulet, run ! 25

CALLING THE VIOLET

DEAR little violet,

Don't be afraid !

Lift your blue eyes

From the rock's mossy shade !

All the birds call for you 5

Out of the sky :

May is here, waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
Violet sweet? 10
Soft is the meadow-grass
Under my feet.
Wrapped in your hood of green,
Violet, why
Peep from your earth-door 15
So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks
Close to your bed;
Softest of fleecy clouds
Float overhead; 20
“Ready and waiting!”
The slender reeds sigh:
“Ready and waiting!”
We sing — May and I.

Come, pretty Violet, 25
Winter 's away:
Come, for without you
May is n't May.
Down through the sunshine
Wings flutter and fly; — 30
Quick, little Violet,
Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
"Dear Violet, come!"

How can you stay 35

In your underground home?

Up in the pine-boughs
For you the winds sigh.

Homesick to see you,
Are we—May and I. 40

Ha! though you care not
For call or for shout,
Yon troop of sunbeams
Are winning you out.

Now all is beautiful 45

Under the sky:

May's here, — and violets!
Winter, good-by!

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

“IF I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through.

I would steal among them, 5
Softest light I'd shed,

Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

“ If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I ’d go ; 10
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe :
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine ;
Then they ’d think of heaven, 15
Their sweet home and mine.”

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had ? 20
O, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine !
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

BERRYING SONG

Ho ! for the hills in summer !
Ho ! for the rocky shade,
Where the groundpine trails under
the fern-leaves,
Deep in the mossy glade.
Up in the dewy sunrise, 5
Waked by the robin’s trill ;
Up and away, a-berrying,
To the pastures on the hill !

Red lilies blaze out of the thicket;
Wild roses blush here and there: 10
There's sweetness in all the breezes,
There's health in each breath of air.
Hark to the wind in the pine-trees!
Hark to the tinkling rill!
O, pleasant it is a-berrying 15
In the pastures on the hill!

We'll garland our baskets with blossoms,
And sit on the rocks and sing,
And tell one another old stories,
Till the trees long shadows fling. 20
Then homeward with laughter and
carol,
Mocking the echoes shrill.
O, merry it is a-berrying
In the pastures on the hill!

THE SING-AWAY BIRD

HAVE you ever heard of the Sing-away
bird,
That sings where the Runaway River
Runs down with its rills from the bald-
headed hills
That stand in the sunshine and shiver?
"Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"

How the pines and the birches are
stirred 6

By the trill of the Sing-away bird!

And the bald-headed hills, with their
rocks and their rills,

To the tune of his rapture are ringing;
And their faces grow young, all the gray
mists among, 10

While the forests break forth into sing-
ing.

“Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!”
And the river runs singing along;
And the flying winds catch up the song.

’T was a white-throated sparrow, that sped
a light arrow 15

Of song from his musical quiver,
And it pierced with its spell every valley
and dell

On the banks of the Runaway River.

“Oh, sing! sing-away! sing-away!”
The song of the wild singer had 20
The sound of a soul that is glad.

And, beneath the glad sun, every glad-
hearted one

Sets the world to the tune of his glad-
ness:

The swift rivers sing it, the wild breezes
wing it, 24

Till Earth loses thought of her sadness.

“ Oh, sing ! sing-away ! sing-away ! ”

Oh, sing, happy soul, to joy's Giver, —

Sing on, by Time's Runaway River!

GROUP II. POEMS BY
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY¹

THE BROOK-SONG

LITTLE brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve
and curve and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run 5
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me:
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grum-
bled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film 10
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and
laughed at him!

¹ The eight poems by James Whitcomb Riley printed on pages 16-30, are taken from the Biographical Edition of his *Complete Works*. Copyright, 1913, by James Whitcomb Riley. These poems are used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Little brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your
current swift and strong, 15
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and was n't scared a bit.

And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me, 20
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilt-
ing melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as
pain.

Little brook — laugh and leap! 25
Do not let the dreamer weep :
Sing him all the songs of summer till he
sink in softest sleep ;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know! 30

A SUDDEN SHOWER

BAREFOOTED boys scud up the street
Or skurry under sheltering sheds ;

And schoolgirl faces, pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their
heads.

Doors bang; and mother-voices call 5
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all,
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt, — the rain! the rain! —
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes 10
Behind the streaming window-pane
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into town comes galloping 15
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves
And flirts his plumes and folds his
wings;
And under the Catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings. 20

The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden-walk.

Within, the baby clasps his hands 25
And crows with rapture strange and
vague ;
Without, beneath the rose-bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

THE YELLOWBIRD

HEY! my little Yellowbird,
What you doing there?
Like a flashing sun-ray,
Flitting everywhere :
Dangling down the tall weeds 5
And the hollyhocks,
And the lordly sunflowers
Along the garden-walks.

Ho! my gallant Golden-bill,
Pecking 'mongst the weeds, 10
You must have for breakfast
Golden flower-seeds:
Won't you tell a little fellow
What you have for *tea*? —
'Spect a peck o' yellow, mellow 15
Pippin on the tree.

THE RAGGEDY MAN

O THE RAGGEDY MAN! He works fer Pa ;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!

He comes to our house every day,
 An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
 An' he opens the shed — an' we all ist
 laugh 5

When he drives out our little old wob-
 ble-ly calf;

An' nen — ef our hired girl says he can —
 He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann. —

Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man — he's ist so
 good, 11

He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
 An' nen he spades in our garden, too,

An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do. —
 He clumbed clean up in our big tree 15

An' shooked a' apple down fer me —
 An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann —
 An' 'nother 'n', too, fer The Raggedy
 Man. —

Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man one time say he 21
 Pick' roast' rambos from a' orchurd-tree,

An' et 'em — all ist roast' an' hot! —
 An' it's so, too! — 'cause a corn-crib
 got

Afire one time an' all burn' down 25
On "The Smoot Farm," 'bout four mile
from town —

On "The Smoot Farm!" Yes — an' the
hired han'

'At worked there nen 'uz The Raggedy
Man! —

Ain't he the beatin'est Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man's so good an' kind 31
He'll be our "horsey," an' "haw" an'
mind

Ever'thing 'at you make him do —

An' won't run off — 'less you want him
to!

I drived him wunst way down our lane 35
An' he got skeered, when it 'menced to
rain,

An' ist rared up an' squealed and run
Purt' nigh away! — an' it's all in fun!

Nen he skeered *ag'in* at a' old tin can. . . .

Whoa! y' old runaway Raggedy Man! 40

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most
rhymes,

An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes :

Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an'
Elves,

An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers
the'rselves! 45

An', wite by the pump in our pasture-
lot,

He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is
got.

'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!

Er Ma, er Pa, er The Raggedy Man! 50

Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' wunst, when The Raggedy Man come
late,

An' pigs ist root' thue the garden-gate,
He 'tend like the pigs 'uz *bears* an'
said, 55

“ Old Bear-shooter 'll shoot 'em dead! ”

An' race' an' chase' 'em, an' they 'd ist run
When he pint his hoe at 'em like it 's a
gun

An' go “ Bang! — Bang! ” nen 'tend he
stan'

An' load up his gun ag'in! Raggedy Man!

He 's an old Bear-shooter Raggedy
Man! 61

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' sometimes The Raggedy Man lets
on

We 're little *prince*-children, an' old King's
gone

To git more money, an' lef' us there — 65

An' *Robbers* is ist thick ever'where ;

An' nen — ef we all won't cry, fer *shore* —

The Raggedy Man he 'll come and “'splore

The Castul-halls,” an' steal the “gold ” —

An' steal *us*, too, an' grab an' hold 70

An' pack us off to his old “Cave ”! — An'

Haymow 's the “cave ” o' The Raggedy
Man !

Raggedy ! Raggedy ! Raggedy Man !

The Raggedy Man — one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer
me, 75

Says, “When you 're big like your pa is,

Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his —

An' be a rich merchunt — an' wear fine
clothes ? —

Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness
knows ? ”

An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann, 80

An' I says “M go' to be a Raggedy
Man ! —

I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man !

Raggedy ! Raggedy ! Raggedy Man !

WINTER FANCIES

I

WINTER without
And warmth within;
The winds may shout
And the storm begin;
The snows may pack 5
At the window-pane,
And the skies grow black,
And the sun remain
Hidden away
The livelong day — 10
But here — in here is the warmth of
May!

II

Swoop your spitefulest
Up the flue,
Wild Winds — do!
What in the world do I care for you? 15
O delightfulest
Weather of all,
Howl and squall,
And shake the trees till the last leaves
fall!

III

The joy one feels, 20
In an easy-chair,

Cocking his heels
 In the dancing air
 That wreathes the rim of a roaring stove
 Whose heat loves better than hearts can
 love, 25
 Will not permit
 The coldest day
 To drive away
 The fire in his blood, and the bliss of it!

IV

Then blow, Winds, blow! 30
 And rave and shriek,
 And snarl and snow,
 Till your breath grows weak—
 While here in my room
 I 'm as snugly shut 35
 As a glad little worm
 In the heart of a nut!

PANSIES

PANSIES! PANSIES! How I love you,
 Pansies!
 Jaunty-faced, laughing-lipped and
 dewy-eyed with glee;
 Would my song but blossom out in little
 five-leaf stanzas
 As delicate in fancies
 As your beauty is to me! 5

But my eyes shall smile on you, and my
hands infold you,
Pet, caress, and lift you to the lips
that love you so,
That, shut ever in the years that may
mildew or mold you,
My fancy shall behold you
Fair as in the long ago. 10

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

INSCRIBED

WITH ALL FAITH AND AFFECTION

To all the little children:—The happy
ones; and sad ones;
The sober and the silent ones; the boisterous
and glad ones;
The good ones—Yes, the good ones, too;
and all the lovely bad ones.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our
house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an'
brush the crumbs away, 5
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an'
dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread,
an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper-things
is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has
the mostest fun,

A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie
tells about, 10

An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

15

Wunst they wuz a little boy would n't
say his prayers, —

An' when he went to bed at night, away
up-stairs,

His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his
Daddy heerd him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down,
he wuz n't there at all.

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room,
an' cubby-hole, an' press, 20

An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an'
ever'-wheres, I guess;

But all they ever found wuz thist his
pants an' roundabout: —

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

25

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh
 an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her
 blood-an'-kin;
 An' wunst, when they wuz "company,"
 an' ole folks wuz there, 30
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an'
 said she did n't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an'
 turn't to run an' hide,
 They wuz two great big Black Things
 a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin'
 'fore she knowed what she's about!
 An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you 35
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the
 blaze is blue, 40
 An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind
 goes *woo-oo!*
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the
 moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all
 squenched away, —
 You better mind yer parunts, an' yer
 teachurs fond an' dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry
the orphant's tear, 45
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at
clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch 50
Out!

NO BOY KNOWS

THERE are many things that boys may
know —
Why this and that are thus and so, —
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it :
Boys know new things every day — 5
When they study or when they play, —
When they idle, or sow and reap —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen — or should, at least, —
May know that the round old earth rolls
East ; — 10
And know that the ice and the snow and
the rain —
Ever repeating their parts again —
Are all just water the sunbeams first

Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams
 leap. — 15

But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long, glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first
 smile,

When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sun-
 shine; — 20

He may know each call of his truant
 mates,

And the paths they went, — and the
 pasture-gates

Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk
 so deep. —

But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er, 25
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-
 floor,

To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then —

To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust-bloom — 30

A sweet white cot — and a cricket's
 cheep. —

But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

GROUP III. POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

ROBINS in the tree-top,
 Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
 Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes, 5
 Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
 Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
 Fringèd elm and larch, — 10
Don't you think that May-time's
 Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
 Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning 15
 Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
 Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
 Haunting every place; 20
Lengths of golden sunshine,
 Moonlight bright as day, —

Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch 25
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind; 30
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that autumn's 35
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you? 40
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings 45
(Pussy's got the ball), —
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

ROBIN REDBREAST

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!

For Summer's nearly done;

The garden smiling faintly,

Cool breezes in the sun;

Our Thrushes now are silent,

5

Our Swallows flown away, —

But Robin's here, in coat of brown,

With ruddy breast-knot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!

10

Robin singing sweetly

In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,

The leaves come down in hosts;

The trees are Indian Princes,

15

But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;

The scanty pears and apples

Hang russet on the bough,

It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,

'T will soon be Winter now.

20

Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!

And welaway! my Robin,

For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the Cricket,

25

The wheatstack for the Mouse,

When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house ;
The frosty ways like iron, 29
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas ! in Winter, dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And a crumb of bread for Robin, 35
His little heart to cheer.

William Allingham

THE CHESTNUT BURR

A WEE little nut lay deep in its nest
Of satin and brown, the softest and best,
And slept and grew while its cradle
rocked,
As it hung in the boughs that inter-
locked.

Now the house was small where the
cradle lay, 5
As it swung in the winds by night and
day ;
For the thicket of underbrush fenced it
round,
This lone little cot by the great sun
browned.

This little nut grew, and ere long it found
There was work outside on the soft green
ground; 10
It must do its part so the world might
know
It had tried one little seed to sow.

And soon the house that had kept it warm
Was tossed about by the autumn storm,
The stem was cracked, the old house fell,
And the chestnut burr was an empty
shell. 16

But the little nut, as it waiting lay,
Dreamed a wonderful dream one day,
Of how it should break its coat of brown,
And live as a tree, to grow up and down. 20

Anonymous

THE TREE

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting
their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the
Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from
rootlet to crown. 5

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the
birds sung :

“ Shall I take them away ? ” said the
Wind, as he swung.

“ No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,”
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering
hung. 10

The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-sum-
mer glow :

Said the girl, “ May I gather thy berries
now ? ”

“ Yes, all thou canst see :
Take them ; all are for thee,”
Said the Tree, while he bent down his
laden boughs low. 15

Björnstjerne Björnson

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM ¹

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth 5
The everlasting Light ;

¹ By courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above, 10
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth !
And praises sing to God the King, 15
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven. 20
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem ! 25
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ; 30
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel !

Phillips Brooks

DANDELION

HE is a roguish little elf,
A gay audacious fellow,
Who tramps about in doublet green
And skirt of brightest yellow ;
In ev'ry field, by ev'ry road, 5
He peeps among the grasses,
And shows his sunny little face
To ev'ry one that passes.

Within the churchyard he is seen,
Beside the headstones peeping, 10
And shining like a golden star
O'er some still form that 's sleeping ;
Beside the house door oft he springs
In all his wanton straying,
And children shout in laughing glee 15
To find him in their playing.

At eve he dons his nightgown green,
And goes to bed right early,
At morn, he spreads his yellow skirts
To catch the dewdrops pearly ; 20
A darling elf is Dandelion,
A roguish wanton sweeting ;
Yet he is loved by ev'ry child,
All give him joyous greeting.

Kate L. Brown

WINTER NIGHT

BLOW, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There 's a bedroom in a tree
Where, snug as snug can be, 5
The squirrel nests in his cosey bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break o' day!
In a snow-cave warm and tight, 10
Through the icy winter night,
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours
away.

Call, wind, call,
In entry and in hall,
Straight from off the mountain white and
wild! 15
Soft purrs the pussy-cat
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry
child.

Scold, wind, scold,
So bitter and so bold! 20

Shake the windows with your tap, tap,
tap !

With half-shut, dreamy eyes
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.
Mary F. Butts

NOVEMBER

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes, 5
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the Winter is over, 10
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom 15
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The Spring will be sure to come. 20

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild ;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses 25
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

Alice Cary

DON'T GIVE UP

If you tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying ;
All that 's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall, 5
Still their wings grow stronger ;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her, 10

She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat, 15
That 's the test that tries you!
Phæbe Cary

THANKSGIVING DAY

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow. 5

Over the river and through the wood —
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go. 10

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring.
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day! 15

Over the river and through the wood
 Trot fast, my dapple-gray !
 Spring over the ground,
 Like a hunting-hound !
 For this is Thanksgiving Day. 20

Over the river and through the wood,
 And straight through the barnyard gate.
 We seem to go
 Extremely slow, —
 It is so hard to wait! 25

Over the river and through the wood —
 Now grandmother's cap I spy!
 Hurrah for the fun !
 Is the pudding done?
 Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie! 30
Lydia Maria Child

FABLE

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "Little
 Prig";
 Bun replied:
 " You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together 5

To make up a year
And a sphere ;
And I think it no disgrace 10
To occupy my place.
If I 'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I 'll not deny you make 15
A very pretty squirrel track ;
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back
Neither can you crack a nut ! ”

Ralph Waldo Emerson

JACK FROST

THE Frost looked forth on a still, clear
night,
And whispered, “ Now, I shall be out of
sight ;
So, through the valley, and over the
height,
In silence I 'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train, 5
The wind and the snow, the hail and the
rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in
vain ;
But I 'll be as busy as they ! ”

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest.

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed 10

With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast

Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near, 15

Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,

And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees, 21

There were bevvies of birds, and swarms of bees;

There were cities and temples and towers; and these

All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair — 25

He peeped in the cupboard: and finding
there

That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,

“This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
And the glass of water they’ve left for

me, 31

Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m
drinking.”

Hannah F. Gould

A THANKSGIVING FABLE ¹

It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanks-
giving morn,

And she watched a thankful little mouse,
that ate an ear of corn.

“If I ate that thankful little mouse, how
thankful he should be,

When he has made a meal himself, to
make a meal for me!

“Then with his thanks for having fed,
and his thanks for feeding me, 5

With all *his* thankfulness inside, how
thankful I shall be!”

¹ By courtesy of the author.

Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon
Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard and
declined (with thanks) to stay.

Oliver Herford

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest, 5
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweet-
est,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest, 10
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free, 15
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell. 20

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON- LOW

“ AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me ? ”

“ I 've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see ! ”

“ And what did you see, my Mary, 5
All up on the Caldon-Low ? ”

“ I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“ And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill ? ” 10

“ I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill.”

“ Oh, tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that ever you know ;
For you must have seen the fairies 15
Last night on the Caldon-Low.”

“ Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine :
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine; 20

“ And merry was the glee of the harp-
strings,
And their dancing feet so small ;
But oh ! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all ! ”

“ And what were the words, my Mary 25
That you did hear them say ? ”
“ I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

“ And some they played with the water
And rolled it down the hill; 30
' And this,' they said, ' shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill ;

“ ‘ For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be 35
By the dawning of the day !

“ ‘ Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes ! ’ 40

“ And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill !

“ ‘ And there,’ said they, ‘ the merry
winds go, 45
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn ;

“ ‘ Oh, the poor blind widow —
Though she has been blind so long, 50
She ’ll be merry enough when the mil-
dew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong !’

“ And some they brought the brown lin-
seed,
And flung it down from the Low :
‘ And this,’ said they, ‘ by the sunrise, 55
In the weaver’s croft shall grow !

“ ‘ Oh, the poor lame weaver !
How will he laugh outright

When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !' 60

“ And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin ;
' I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
' And I want some more to spin.

“ ' I 've spun a piece of hempen cloth, 65
And I want to spin another —
A little sheet for Mary's bed
And an apron for her mother.' ”

“ And with that I could not help but
laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ; 70
And then on the top of the Caldun-Low,
There was no one left but me.

“ And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay. 76

“ But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly old miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go ! 80

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
 And, sure enough, was seen
 The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
 All standing stiff and green !

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I
 stole, 85
 To see if the flax were high ;
 But I saw the weaver at his gate
 With the good news in his eye !

“ Now, this is all that I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see ; 90
 So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
 For I ’m tired as I can be ! ”

Mary Howitt

SEPTEMBER ¹

THE goldenrod is yellow,
 The corn is turning brown,
 The trees in apple orchards
 With fruit are bending down ;

The gentian’s bluest fringes 5
 Are curling in the sun ;
 In dusty pods the milkweed
 Its hidden silk has spun ;

¹ By courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook, 10
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook;

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter 15
With yellow butterflies —

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer. 20

Helen Hunt Jackson

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING

FORTH into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!” 5
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 10
In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak-
tree,

Laughed, and said between his laugh-
ing,

“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

And the rabbit from his pathway 15

Leaped aside, and at a distance

Sat erect upon his haunches,

Half in fear and half in frolic,

Saying to the little hunter,

“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!” 20

But he heeded not, nor heard them,

For his thoughts were with the red
deer;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,

Leading downward to the river,

To the ford across the river, 25

And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,

There he waited till the deer came,

Till he saw two antlers lifted,

Saw two eyes look from the thicket, 30

Saw two nostrils point to windward

And a deer came down the pathway,

Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,

Trembled like the leaves above him, 35

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,

As the deer came down the pathway.

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow:
Scarce a twig moved with his motion, 40
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one hoof uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow; 45
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer, 50
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo, and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses. 55

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted, 60
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha,
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when
all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
there.

The children were nestled all snug in
their beds, 5

While visions of sugar-plums danced in
their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in
my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long
winter's nap —

When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was
the matter. 10

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the
sash ;

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen
snow

Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects be-
low ;

When, what to my wondering eyes should
appear, 15

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny
reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and
quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they
came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called
them by name: 20

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now,
Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and
Blitzen!—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the
wall,

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away
all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurri-
cane fly, 25

When they meet with an obstacle, mount
to the sky,

So, up to the housetop the coursers they
flew,

With a sleigh full of toys—and St.
Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the
roof

The prancing and pawing of each little
hoof. 30

As I drew in my head and was turning
around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with
a bound ;

He was dressed all in fur from his head
to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with
ashes and soot :

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just open-
ing his pack. 36

His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dim-
ples, how merry !

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like
a cherry ;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like
a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white
as the snow. 40

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his
teeth,

And the smoke, it encircled his head like
a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round
belly

That shook when he laughed, like a bowl
full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump — a right
jolly old elf ; 45

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite
of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his
head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to
dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight
to his work,

And filled all the stockings: then turned
with a jerk, 50

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave
a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of
a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove
out of sight, 55

“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a
good-night! ”

Clement C. Moore

THE FIR-TREE

THE winds have blown more bitter
Each darkening day of fall ;
High over all the house-tops

The stars are far and small.
 I wonder, will my fir-tree
 Be green in spite of all? 5

O grief is colder — colder
 Than wind from any part;
 And tears of grief are bitter tears,
 And doubt 's a sorer smart! 10
 But I promised to my fir-tree
 To keep the fragrant heart.

Josephine Preston Peabody

FRAIDIE-CAT¹

I SHAN'T tell you what 's his name:
 When we want to play a game,
 Always thinks that he 'll be hurt,
 Soil his jacket in the dirt,
 Tear his trousers, spoil his hat, — 5
 Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Nothing of the boy in him!
 "Das n't" try to learn to swim;
 Says a cow 'll hook; if she
 Looks at him he 'll climb a tree. 10
 "Scart" to death at bee or bat, —
 Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

¹ By courtesy of the author.

Claims the're ghosts all snowy white
Wandering around at night
In the attic: would n't go 15
There for anything, I know.
B'lieve he 'd run if you said "Scat!"
Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Clinton Scollard

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and
sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come, 5
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves, 11
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that
sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;

And winds that come, but cannot
 stay, 15
Are gaily singing all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
 Makes music, going round and
 round ;
And dusty-white with flour and meal, 1
 The miller whistles to its sound. 20

And if you listen to the rain
 When leaves and birds and bees are
 dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
 Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon, 25
 And clap their hands and dance in
 glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
 To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place,
 That children, whether big or small, 30
Should always have a smiling face,
 And never, never sulk at all.

Gabriel Setoun

JACK FROST

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept; 5
And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the
lane; 10
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales, and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by, 15
With nodding plumes and shining
shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the
breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas, 20

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For, creeping softly underneath 25
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window-pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam; 30
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

Gabriel Setoun

THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see 6
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to lie i' the sun, 10

Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

15

William Shakespeare

THE SHADOWS

ALL up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go;
In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound, 5
They play at hide-and-seek,
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out, 10
And in the sun there's always one
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
Beside you at the door. 16

A faithful friend is he to lend
 His presence everywhere ;
 Blow out the light — to bed at night —
 Your shadow-mate is there ! 20

Then he will call the shadows all
 Into your room to leap,
 And such a pack ! they make it black,
 And fill your eyes with sleep !
Frank Dempster Sherman

THE SNOWDROP

MANY, many welcomes,
 February fair-maid !
 Ever as of old time,
 Solitary firstling,
 Coming in the cold time, 5
 Prophet of the gay time,
 Prophet of the May time,
 Prophet of the roses,
 Many, many welcomes,
 February fair-maid ! 10
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

PICCOLA

POOR, sweet Piccola ! Did you hear
 What happened to Piccola, children dear ?

'Tis seldom Fortune such favor grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas-time, and her parents
 poor 5
Could hardly drive the wolf from the
 door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas-
 day; 10
Their little darling no joy might stir,
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas-day, 15
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning
 broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled all the
 air,
'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been
 there! 20

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild :
Never was seen such a joyful child.
“ See what the good saint brought ! ” she
cried,
And mother and father must peep in-
side.

Now such a story who ever heard ? 25
There was a little shivering bird !
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola’s tiny shoe !

“ How good poor Piccola must have
been ! ”
She cried, as happy as any queen, 30
While the starving sparrow she fed and
warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so
charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say, 35
Still do they live to this very day.

Celia Thaxter

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

“You think I am dead,”
The apple-tree said,
“Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop, 5
And the dull gray mosses over me
grow!
But I’m all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my
root.” 10

“You think I am dead,”
The quick grass said,
“Because I have parted with stem and
blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound 15
With the snow’s thick blanket over me
laid.
I’m all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here —
But I pity the flower without branch or
root.” 20

“ You think I am dead,”

A soft voice said,

“ Because not a branch or root I own ?

I never have died,

But close I hide 25

In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.

Patient I wait through the long winter
hours ;

You will see me again —

I shall laugh at you then,

Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.” 30

Edith M. Thomas

THE SANDMAN

THE rosy clouds float overhead,

The sun is going down ;

And now the sandman's gentle tread

Comes stealing through the town.

“ White sand, white sand,” he softly
cries, 5

And as he shakes his hand,

Straightway there lies on babies' eyes

His gift of shining sand.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and
brown,

As shuts the rose, they softly close, when
he goes through the town. 10

From sunny beaches far away —

Yes, in another land —

He gathers up at break of day

His store of shining sand.

No tempests beat that shore remote, 15

No ships may sail that way ;

His little boat alone may float

Within that lovely bay.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and
brown,

As shuts the rose, they softly close, when
he goes through the town. 20

He smiles to see the eyelids close

Above the happy eyes ;

And every child right well he knows, —

Oh, he is very wise !

But if, as he goes through the land, 25

A naughty baby cries,

His other hand takes dull gray sand

To close the wakeful eyes.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown.

As shuts the rose, they softly close, when
he goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song

Sound through the twilight sweet,

Be sure you do not keep him long

A-waiting on the street.

Lie softly down, dear little head, 35
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when
he goes through the town. 40

Margaret Vandegrift

ALICE FELL

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had
drowned,

When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways, 5
I heard the sound, —and more and more;
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out.
He stopped his horses at the word, 10
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain ;

But, hearing soon upon the blast 15
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
“Whence comes,” said I, “this piteous
 moan?”

And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone. 20

“My cloak!” no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

“What ails you, child?” She sobbed,
 “Look here!” 25

I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed; 30
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

“And whither are you going, child,
To-night, along these lonesome ways?”
“To Durham,” answered she, half wild.
“Then come with me into the chaise.” 36

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

40

“My child, in Durham do you dwell?”
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, “My name is Alice Fell;
I’m fatherless and motherless.

“And I to Durham, Sir, belong.”
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

45

The chaise drove on; our journey’s end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

50

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

55

“And let it be of duffel gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!”
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!”

60

William Wordsworth

THE PET LAMB

A PASTORAL

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink ;

I heard a voice : it said, “ Drink, pretty
creature, drink ! ”

And, looking o’er the hedge, before me I
espied

A snow-white mountain-lamb with a
maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb
was all alone, 5

And by a slender cord was tethered to a
stone ;

With one knee on the grass did the little
maiden kneel,

While to that mountain-lamb she gave
its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus
his supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and
his tail with pleasure shook. 10

“ Drink, pretty creature, drink ! ” she
said, in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into my
own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child
of beauty rare!

I watched them with delight, they were
a lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden
turned away, 15

But ere ten yards were gone, her foot-
steps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and
from a shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of
her face:

If nature to her tongue could measured
numbers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little
maid might sing: — 20

“What ails thee, young one? what?
Why pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for
bed and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as
grass can be;

Rest, little young one, rest; what is't
that aileth thee?

“What is it thou wouldst seek? What is
wanting to thy heart? 25

Thy limbs, are they not strong? And
beautiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass; these flowers
they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling
in thy ears!

“ If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch
thy woollen chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou
canst gain; 30

For rain and mountain-storms! the like
thou need'st not fear,

The rain and storm are things that
scarcely can come here.

“ Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast
forgot the day

When my father found thee first in
places far away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou
wert owned by none, 35

And thy mother from thy side for ever-
more was gone.

“ He took thee in his arms, and in pity
brought thee home:

A blessed day for thee! then whither
wouldst thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that
did thee yeon
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could
have been. 40

“Thou know’st that twice a day I have
brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as
ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground
is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, — warm
milk it is and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout
as they are now, 45
Then I’ll yoke thee to my cart like a
pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when
the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house
shall be thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest! — Poor crea-
ture, can it be
That ’tis thy mother’s heart which is
working so in thee? 50
Things that I know not of belike to thee
are dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst
neither see nor hear.

“Alas, the mountain-tops that look so
green and fair!

I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness
that come there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime
and all play

55

When they are angry, roar like lions for
their prey.

“Here thou need’st not dread the raven
in the sky;

Night and day thou art safe, — our cot-
tage is hard by.

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at
thy chain?

Sleep, — and at break of day I will come
to thee again!”

60

—As homeward through the lane I went
with lazy feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes re-
peat;

And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad
line by line,

That but half of it was hers, and one half
of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the
song; 65
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the
damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she
spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my
own.”

William Wordsworth

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FOURTH GRADE

Prescribed by the New York State
Education Department in the
Elementary Syllabus in Language
and Literature, 1919



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
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POEMS FOR READING AND MEMORIZING IN THE FOURTH GRADE

GROUP I. POEMS BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy ¹ stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms 5
Are as strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can, 10
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, 15
With measured beat and slow,

¹ The suggestion of the poem came from the smithy which the poet passed daily, and which stood beneath a horse-chestnut tree not far from his house in Cambridge.

Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door; 20
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch ¹ the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church, 25
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice. 30

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes 35
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close; 40
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

¹ After this poem had been printed for some time, Mr. Longfellow was disposed to change this word to "watch," but the original form had grown so familiar that he decided to leave it.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life 45
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me 5
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair, 10
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes,
 They are plotting and planning together 15
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded,
 They enter my castle wall! 20

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses, 25
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen ¹
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,²
Because you have scaled the wall, 30
Such an old moustache ³ as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon 35
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away! 40

¹ Near Bingen on the Rhine is a little square Mouse-Tower, so called from an old word meaning toll, since it was used as a toll-house; but there is an old tradition that a certain Bishop Hatto, who had been cruel to the people, was attacked in the tower by a great army of rats and mice. See Southey's famous poem, *Bishop Hatto*.

² An Italian word for bands of robbers.

³ A translation of the French phrase *vieille moustache*, which is used of a veteran soldier.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, 5
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke; 10
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain! 5

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane 10
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,

Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain! 15

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain 20
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise 25
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling 30
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain, 35
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head, 40
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,

And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil. 45
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, 50
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops 55
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these, 60
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold 65
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold 70
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,

Have not been wholly sung nor said.
 For his thought, that never stops,
 Follows the water-drops 75
 Down to the graves of the dead,
 Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
 To the dreary fountain-head
 Of lakes and rivers under ground;
 And sees them, when the rain is done, 80
 On the bridge of colors seven
 Climbing up once more to heaven,
 Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
 With vision clear, 85
 Sees forms appear and disappear,
 In the perpetual round of strange,
 Mysterious change
 From birth to death, from death to birth,
 From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
 Till glimpses more sublime 91
 Of things unseen before,
 Unto his wondering eyes reveal
 The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
 Turning forevermore 95
 In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD! a giant am I!
 Aloft here in my tower,
 With my granite jaws I devour
 The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
 And grind them into flour. 5

I look down over the farms;
 In the fields of grain I see
 The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
 For I know it is all for me. 10

I hear the sound of flails
 Far off, from the threshing-floors
 In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
 Louder and louder roars. 15

I stand here in my place,
 With my foot on the rock below,
 And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
 As a brave man meets his foe. 20

And while we wrestle and strive,
 My master, the miller, stands
 And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
 Who makes him lord of lands. 25

On Sundays I take my rest;
 Church-going bells begin
 Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
 And all is peace within. 30

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

“GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me, 5
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree! 10
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha 15
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking, 20
Started up and said, “Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!”
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience, 25
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward; 30
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar! 35
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror, 40
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework, 45
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together, 50
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning, 55
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree, 60
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,

In the bosom of the forest;
 And the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic, 100
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated on the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, 105
 Like a yellow water-lily.

AN APRIL DAY

In a manuscript note, Longfellow says that the poems "An April Day" and "Woods in Winter" "were written during my last year in college, in No. 27 Maine Hall [one of the dormitories at Bowdoin], whose windows looked out upon the pine groves."

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
 Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
 'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
 The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well, 5
 When forest glades are teaming with bright forms,
 Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
 The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
 The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives; 10
 Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
 The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
 Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves
 along 15
 The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
 The silver woods with light, the green slope
 throws
 Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
 And wide the upland glows. 20

And when the eve is born,
 In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
 Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
 And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide 25
 Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows
 throw,
 And the fair trees look over, side by side,
 And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
 Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed; 30
 Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
 Life's golden fruit is shed.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
 On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 With his fishing-line of cedar,
 Of the twisted bark of cedar,
 Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma, 5

Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming 10
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom, 15
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches; 20
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom 25
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor. 30

There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders,
Plates of bone with spines projecting! 35
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;

And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple, 40
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.

“Take my bait,” cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him, 45
“Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!”
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water, 50
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
“Take my bait, O King of Fishes!”

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma, 55
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha.
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting; 60
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
“Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

In his fingers Hiawatha 65
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 70
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him, 75
And he shouted through the water,
“Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!” 80

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
To the bream, with scales of crimson, 85
“Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha, 90
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water 95
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water, 100
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
“Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,

You are not the fish I wanted, 105
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha, 110
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture, 115
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine, 120
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river, 125
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness. 130

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him 135
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma, 140
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha 145
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha, 150
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma, 155
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin, 160
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling, 165
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls, 170

Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
“’T is our brother, Hiawatha!”

And he shouted from below them, 175
Cried exulting from the caverns:

“O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen, 180
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!” 185

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison, 19
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water, 19.
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him. 20:

“I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!” said he;
“Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,

Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;
Drive them not away, Nokomis, 205
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset, 210
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun, 215
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands, 220
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed places, 225
Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate 230
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing 235
But the skeleton of Nahma.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow; 5
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods, 10
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together, 15
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians, 20
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers. 25

When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity. 30

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing, 35
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha, 40
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos, 45
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender, 50
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!" 55

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom, 60
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,

In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter. 65

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him, 70
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many; 75
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children, 80
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit. 85

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his mother,
“In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering 90
O’er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging, 95
Dripping, freezing with the water:

Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer; 100
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them, 105
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken, 110
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward, 115
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted, 120
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them, 125
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,

Lo! the path was cleared before him; 130
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said the young men, 135
As they sported in the meadow:
“Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!” 140

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation, 145
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river, 150
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents, 155
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver, 160
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,

That his terrified companions,
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!" 165

But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you, 170

Were the friends of Hiawatha,

Chibiabos, the musician,

And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Long they lived in peace together,

Spake with naked hearts together, 175

Pondering much and much contriving

How the tribes of men might prosper.

GROUP II. POEMS BY CELIA THAXTER

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,

One little sandpiper and I;

And fast I gather, bit by bit,

The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it, 5

The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,

As up and down the beach we flit, —

One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds

Scud black and swift across the sky; 10

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.

Almost as far as eye can reach

I see the close-reefed vessels fly,

As fast we flit along the beach, —

15

One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along

Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;

He starts not at my fitful song,

Or flash of fluttering drapery.

20

He has no thought of any wrong;

He scans me with a fearless eye.

Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,

The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night

25

When the loosed storm breaks furiously?

My driftwood fire will burn so bright!

To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth

The tempest rushes through the sky:

30

For are we not God's children both,

Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

WILD GEESE

THE wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled
cloud,

Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance
and sing,

And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring! It is
spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately
 lay the snow, 5
O'er the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the sweet song sparrow cries, "Spring! It is
 spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the
 sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and
 high! 10
Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling,—
Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is
 spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
Chase the snow into the north, O strong of heart
 and wing, 15
While we share the robin's rapture, crying;
 "Spring! It is spring!"

SPRING

THE alder by the river
 Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
 For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over 5
 And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
 That once again 't is spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet; 10
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows 15
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold. 20

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violets blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

MARCH

I WONDER what spendthrift chose to spill
Such bright gold under my window-sill!
Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still?
Bless me! it is but a daffodil!

And look at the crocuses, keeping tryst 5
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed!
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst
They seem, blown out of the earth's snow-mist.

And snowdrops, delicate, fairy bells,
With a pale green tint like the ocean swells; 10

And the hyacinths weaving their perfumed spells!
The ground is a rainbow of asphodels!

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew?
Who said she had nothing on earth to do
But tempests and furies and rages to brew? 15
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you!

O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the
rose. 20

ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG

O ROBIN, pipe no more of rain,
'T is four days since we saw the sun,
And still the misty window-pane
Is loud with drops that leap and run.

Four days ago the sky was clear, 5
But when my mother heard you call,
She said, "That's Robin's rain-song, dear:
Oh, well he knows when rain will fall!"

Fair was the morning, and I wept
Because she would not let me stray 10
Into the woods for flowers, but kept
My feet from wandering away.

And I was vexed to hear you cry
So sweetly of the coming storm,

And watched with brimming eyes the sky 15
Grow cold and dim from clear and warm.

It seemed to me you brought it all
With that incessant, plaintive note;
And still you call the drops to fall
Upon your brown and scarlet coat. 20

How nice to be a bird like you,
And let the rain come pattering down,
Nor mind a bit to be wet through,
Nor fear to spoil one's only gown!

But since I cannot be a bird, 25
Sweet Robin, pipe no more of rain!
Your merrier music is preferred;
Forget at last that sad refrain!

And tell us of the sunshine, dear —
I'm wild to be abroad again, 30
Seeking for blossoms far and near:
O Robin, pipe no more of rain!

THE SCARECROW

THE farmer looked at his cherry-tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
"If somebody only would show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim, 5
With threatening arms and with bristling
head,

And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn —
Oh, 't was a horrible thing to see! 10
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry-tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home 15
All the birds flew screaming away in fright.

The robins, who watched him every day,
Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright!
Surveying the monster, began to say,
"Why should this monster our prospects
blight? 20

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair 25
Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please, 30
That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
 A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
 The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed; 35
 'T was so convenient! They ran no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
 All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
 For nobody thought to look at the Guy
 For a robin's flourishing family! 40

NIKOLINA

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her —
 The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina?
 Oh, her eyes are blue as corn flowers 'mid the corn,
 And her cheeks are rosy red as skies of morn!

Oh, buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her, 5
 And stay with gentle words and looks to greet
 her;
 She'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand,
 But no word of your speech can understand.

Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her,
 As she stands among the poppies hardly taller 10
 Breaking off their flaming scarlet cups for you,
 With spikes of slender larkspur, brightly blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing —
 Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing;
 But the child that stands amid the blossoms
 gay 15
 Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her —
This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina?
Slowly she's learning English words, to try
And thank you if her flowers you come to buy. 20

THE SPARROWS

(OR, CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY)

In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing-birds and flowers
The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens 5
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win;

Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain 10
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December, 15
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering. 20

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable, 25
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out 30
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain, 35
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer,
Or the children who love them well! 40

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me 45
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
 Would like to know it too, 50
 It seems to me so beautiful,
 So blessed a thing to do,
 To make God's innocent creatures see
 In every child a friend,
 And on our faithful kindness 55
 So fearlessly depend.

GROUP III. POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

THE FAIRIES

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home, 10
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs, 15
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top,
 The old King sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits. 20
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkill he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;
 Or going up with music 25
 On cold, starry nights,
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

By the craggy hillside,
 Through the mosses bare, 30
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig one up in spite,
 He shall find the thornies set 35
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We dare n't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men; 40
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather.

William Allingham

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

THEY say that God lives very high!

But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines

You never see Him in the gold, 5
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold

Of heaven and earth across His face —
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace 10

Slides down by thrills, through all things
made

Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid

On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said, 15

"Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser?"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

THE year's at the spring

And day's at the morn;

Morning's at seven;

The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing; 5
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in his heaven —
 All's right with the world!

Robert Browning

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE ¹

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care, 5
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle sheet;
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree? 10
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
 Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
 We plant, upon the sunny lea, 15
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs 20
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,
 When, from the orchard row, he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors;

¹ By courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room, 25
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon, 30
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass, 35
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth, 40
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the lime,
The fruit of the apple-tree. 45

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew; 50
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day

And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree. 55
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verduous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we 60
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw 65
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears, 70
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say; 75
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes 80
On planting the apple-tree."

William Cullen Bryant

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was 5
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done — 10
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because 15
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand: 20
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it *would* be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops 25
Swept it for half a year,

Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

30

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

35

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

40

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They had n't any feet.

46

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

50

The Walrus and the Carpenter 55
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row. 60

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot — 65
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!” 70
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides 75
Are very good indeed —
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue. 80
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!”

"The night is fine," the Walrus said.

"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come! 85

And you are very nice!"

The Carpenter said nothing but

"Cut us another slice.

I wish you were not quite so deaf —

I've had to ask you twice!" 90

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,

"To play them such a trick.

After we've brought them out so far,

And made them trot so quick!"

The Carpenter said nothing but 95

"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:

"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size, 100

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,

"You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?" 105

But answer came there none —

And this was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one.

Lewis Carroll

A LOBSTER QUADRILLE

“WILL you walk a little faster?” said a whiting
to a snail,

“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s
treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all
advance!

They are waiting on the shingle — will you come
and join the dance?

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will
you join the dance? 5

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t
you join the dance?

“You can really have no notion how delightful
it will be

When they take us up and throw us, with the
lobsters, out to sea!”

But the snail replied, “Too far, too far!” and
gave a look askance —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would
not join the dance. 10

Would not, could not, would not, could not,
would not join the dance,

Would not, could not, would not, could not,
could not join the dance.

“What matters it how far we go?” his scaly
friend replied,

“There is another shore, you know, upon the
other side.

The further off from England the nearer is to
France — 15

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and
join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will
you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't
you join the dance?"

Lewis Carroll

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A STORY OF HOLLAND

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:

"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go, 5
While there is light to see,

To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;

And take these cakes I made for him —
They are hot and smoking yet; 10

You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor
Humming a simple song,

And thought of her husband, working hard 15
At the sluices all day long;

And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;

That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread. 20

And Peter left the brother,
 With whom all day he had played,
 And the sister who had watched their sports
 In the willow's tender shade;
 And told them they'd see him back before 25
 They saw a star in sight,
 Though he would n't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night!
 For he was a brave, bright fellow,
 With eye and conscience clear; 30
 He could do whatever a boy might do,
 And he had not learned to fear.
 Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's nest,
 Nor brought a stork to harm,
 Though never a law in Holland 35
 Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day
 With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
 He trudged along the way; 40
 And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place —
 Alas! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face!
 Yet he somehow caught the brightness 45
 Which his voice and presence lent;
 And he felt the sunshine come and go
 As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the winds began to rise, 50

The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter 55
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret nor grieve —
Though it is n't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave." 60

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers, 65
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong, 70
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!" 76

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground. 80

He is up the bank in a moment,
 And, stealing through the sand,
 He sees a stream not yet so large
 As his slender, childish hand.
'T is a leak in the dike! He is but a boy, 85
 Unused to fearful scenes;
 But, as young as he is, he has learned to know
 The dreadful things that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
 Grows faint that cry to hear, 90
 And the bravest man in all the land
 Turns white with mortal fear.
 For he knows the smallest leak may grow
 To a flood in a single night;
 And he knows the strength of the cruel sea 95
 When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
 And, shouting a wild alarm,
 He forces back the weight of the sea
 With the strength of his single arm! 100
 He listens for the joyful sound
 Of a footstep passing nigh;
 And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
 The answer to his cry,
 And he hears the rough winds blowing, 105
 And the waters rise and fall,
 But never an answer comes to him,
 Save the echo of his call.
 He sees no hope, no succor,
 His feeble voice is lost; 110
 Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
 Though he perish at his post!

So faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars 115
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying — and dead; 120
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage 125
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done; 130
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not 135
As he ever came before!

“He is dead!” she cries; “my darling!”
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears: 140
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —

"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"

So, there in the morning sunshine 145

They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'T is many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood, 150

Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.

For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter 155
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years:
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears. 160

And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

Phæbe Cary

A FAIRY TALE ¹

THERE stands by the wood-path shaded
A meek little beggar maid;
Close under her mantle faded
She is hidden like one afraid.

¹ From *Oberon and Puck*, by Helen Gray Cone. By courtesy of the author.

Yet if you but lifted lightly 5
That mantle of russet brown,
She would spring up slender and sightly,
In a smoke-blue silken gown.

For she is a princess, fated
Disguised in the wood to dwell, 10
And all her life long has awaited
The touch that should break the spell;

And the Oak, that has cast around her
His root like a wrinkled arm,
Is the wild old wizard that bound her 15
Fast with his cruel charm.

Is the princess worth your knowing?
Then haste, for the spring is brief,
And find the Hepatica growing,
Hid under a last year's leaf! 20

Helen Gray Cone

"BOB WHITE"

I SEE you, on the zigzag rails,
You cheery little fellow!
While purple leaves are whirling down,
And scarlet, brown, and yellow.
I hear you when the air is full 5
Of snow-down of the thistle;
All in your speckled jacket trim,
"Bob White! Bob White!" you whistle.

Tall amber sheaves, in rustling rows,
Are nodding there to greet you; 10

I know that you are out for play —
How I should like to meet you!
Though blithe of voice, so shy you are,
In this delightful weather;
What splendid playmates you and I, 15
“Bob White,” would make together!?

There, you are gone! but far away
I hear your whistle falling.
Ah! may be it is hide-and-seek,
And that’s why you are calling. 20
Along those hazy uplands wide
We’d be such merry rangers;
What! silent now, and hidden too?
“Bob White,” don’t let’s be strangers.

Perhaps you teach your brood the game, 25
In yonder rainbowed thicket,
While winds are playing with the leaves,
And softly creaks the cricket.
“Bob White! Bob White!” — again I hear
That blithely whistled chorus; 30
Why should we not companions be?
One Father watches o’er us!

George Cooper

A DAY¹

I’LL tell you how the sun rose,
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

¹ By courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

The hills untied their bonnets, 5
 The bobolinks begun.
 Then I said softly to myself,
 "That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
 There seemed a purple stile 10
 Which little yellow boys and girls
 Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
 A dominie in gray
 Put gently up the evening bars, 15
 And led the flock away.

Emily Dickinson

THE OWL-CRITIC

A LESSON TO FAULT-FINDERS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in
 the shop:
 The barber was busy, and he could n't stop;
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all read-
 ing
 The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post," little
 heeding
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt
 question; 5
 Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
 Cried the youth, with a frown,

“How wrong the whole thing is, 10
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the
neck is —

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck
't is!

I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology. 15
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collec-
tions,

And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown! 20

Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over
town!”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls, 25
And I tell you

What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world 30

Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude. 35

He can't *do* it, because
'T is against all bird-laws.

Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe 40
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed 45
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his
business!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes. 51
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem 55
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!" 60

And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat 65
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,

Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural
feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch, 70
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding
critic

(Who thought he was stuffed)* with a glance ana-
lytic,

And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, any way; 75
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-
day!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

James T. Fields

BIRDS IN SUMMER

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon, 5
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open into the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now; 10
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse the green world round about;

And hark at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to another, they lovingly call!
“Come up, come up!” they seem to say, 15
“Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!”

“Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer
air!”

And the birds below give back the cry,
“We come, we come to the branches high!” 20
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living above in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be, 25
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !
What joy it must be to sail, upborne,
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn, 30
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight 35
With the upper cloud-winds, — oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go,
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst. 40

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mate at play, 45
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees; 50
Lightly to soar and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old!
On mountain-tops, on the billowy sea, 55
On the leafy stems of the forest-tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

Mary Howitt

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER ¹

O SUNS and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste, 5
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

¹ By courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

When gentians roll their fringes tight
 To save them for the morning, 10
 And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
 Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
 In piles like jewels shining,
 And redder still on old stone walls 15
 Are leaves of woodbine twining.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
 Count all your boasts together,
 Love loveth best of all the year
 October's bright blue weather. 20

Helen Hunt Jackson

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say! can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's
 last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
 perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-
 lantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
 in air, 5

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
 there.

Oh, say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet
 wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes, 10

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
closes?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

'T is the Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it
wave 15

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's des-
olation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-
rescued land

Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved
us a nation! 20

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is
just,

And this be our motto: "In God is our Trust."

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Francis Scott Key

APRIL RAIN¹

It is not raining rain for me,
 It's raining daffodils;
 In every dimpled drop I see
 Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day 5
 And overwhelm the town;
 It is not raining rain to me,
 It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
 But fields of clover bloom, 10
 Where any buccaneering bee
 Can find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy,
 A fig for him who frets!
 It is not raining rain to me, 15
 It's raining violets.

Robert Loveman

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn till night;

Into the moonlight, 5
 Whiter than snow,

¹ By courtesy of the author.

Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray, 10
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward, 15
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest; 20

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring, 25
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be 30
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

James Russell Lowell

THE SINGING LEAVES

A BALLAD

I

“WHAT fairings will ye that I bring?”
Said the King to his daughters three;
“For I to Vanity Fair ¹ am boun,
Now say what shall they be?”

Then up and spake the eldest daughter, 5
That lady tall and grand:
“Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red: 10
“For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold-comb for my head.”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair 15
Dim shone the golden brown.

“There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,

¹ The name of a fair held all the year round in the town of Vanity in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. “It beareth the name because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity.” The town lay on the way to the Celestial City, and the passing through it was one of Pilgrim's temptations.

Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.’” 20

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
“Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

“But she, like a thing of peasant race, 25
That is happy binding the sheaves”;
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy leaves.”

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair, 30
And 't was easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
“Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf, 35
I pray you give it me!”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away. 40

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

“Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page 45
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?”

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran: 50
“Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

“That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves, 55
Or mine be a traitor’s fate.”

The King’s head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
’T will be my dog, he thought, and said,
“My faith I plight to thee.” 60

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
“Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein.”

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate, 65
A maiden to meet him ran,
And “Welcome, father!” she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

“Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,
“And woe, but they cost me dear!” 70

She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun 75
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage." 80

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!" 85
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside, 90
At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said, 95
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
 But and ¹ broad earldoms three,
 And he made her queen of the broader lands
 He held of his lute in fee. 100

James Russell Lowell

THE BLUEBIRD

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
 Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
 Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
 Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note? 6
 Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
 Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
 You must be weary of winter, I know; 10
 Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
 Summer is coming and spring-time is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
 Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
 Sweet little violets hid from the cold, 15
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
 Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
 Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!"

Emily Huntington Miller

¹ *But and*, archaic form for *and also*. Cf. from an old ballad:

"And they hae chased in gude green-wood
 The buck but and the roe."

MORNING

FRAGRANT odor of the dawn;
Sweet incense to waking souls,
While the fresh dew spreads the lawn,
And your spirit day controls,
Let me, underneath this tree 5
Standing, be possessed of thee.

See the robin in a dream
Poising on a grassy bank;
Hear, beneath, the singing stream,
In a meadow dewy-dank; 10
See the mother-pearly tips
Of the pink-white sorrel's lips.

Now adown the hilly slope,
Like a father, steps the sun,
And the pretty blossoms ope 15
Wide their eyelids, one by one;
And they seem to stir and say
Lispèd prayers unto the day.

He who sleeps at dawn is dead
To more wonders than he knows; 20
Let me forth and early tread
Where the sunlit water flows,
Where the elm at dewy dawn
Flings his shadow down the lawn.

Let me feel, and yet be still; 25
Let me take, and yet not give;
Drink, till I have drunk my fill;

Then anew go forth and live.
Man has little honeyed pleasure
Unmixed in his manhood's measure. 30

James Herbert Morse

LITTLE BROWN BROTHER

LITTLE brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other:
Hark to the song of the lark —
“Waken!” the lark says, “waken and dress you; 5
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you —
Waken! 't is morning — 't is May!”

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be? 10
I'll be a poppy — all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sun-flower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you; 15
Little brown brother, good-bye.

Edith Nesbit

A SONG OF OUR FLAG¹

YOUR Flag and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds —
Your land and my land —
Secure within its folds!

¹ From “The Trail to Boyland,” by Wilbur D. Nesbit. Copyright, 1904. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Your heart and my heart 5
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.

The one Flag — the great Flag — the Flag for
me and you —
Glorified all else beside — the red and white and
blue!

Your Flag and my Flag!
 To every star and stripe
 The drums beat as hearts beat
 And fifers shrilly pipe!
 Your Flag and my Flag —
 A blessing in the sky;
 Your hope and my hope —
 It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world
around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to
the sound! 20

Wilbur D. Nesbit

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE 1

THE lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet-pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face, —
Yet there's nothing like the rose 5
When she blows.

Christina G. Rossetti

¹ By courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES

A TALE OF THE TALMUD

I

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came,
(So in the Talmud you may read the story)
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring 5
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

II

Nor this alone; much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach 10
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

III

Besides, the queen had heard (which piqued her
most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast 15
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the queen had come — a royal guest —
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

IV

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers; 20
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;

The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

V

“Which is the true, and which the false?” she
said. 25

Great Solomon was silent. All-amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed.
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne’er would speak again. 30

VI

“Which is the true?” once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king,
“So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learnèd liege, with such a trivial thing!”
But still the sage was silent; it was plain 35
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

VII

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement, — so the story goes, —
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose. 40
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
“Open the window!” — that was all he said.

VIII

The window opened at the king’s command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba’s dexter hand! 45
And so the king and all the courtiers knew

*That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.*

IX

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find 50
In trifles light as atoms in the air,
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please, —
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!
John G. Saxe

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither! 5
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun, 10
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy 15
But winter and rough weather.
William Shakespeare

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock, 5
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock; 10
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning Bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock, 15
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round.
And there was joyance in their sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring; 25
It made him whistle, it made him sing;

His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat, 30
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, 35
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok." 40

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky, 45
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land. 50
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

“Canst hear,” said one, “the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.”
“Now where we are I cannot tell, 55
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.”

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,
“Oh God! it is the Inchcape Rock!” 60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curs'd himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear, 65
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear —
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

Robert Southey

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread 5
Had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,
 Is born of David's line 10
 A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign:
 The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands, 15
 And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song: 20
 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate

WINTER

THE frost is here,
 And fuel is dear,
 And woods are sear,
 And fires burn clear,
 And frost is here
 And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
 You roll up away from the light
 The blue woodlouse and the plump dormouse,
 And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd, 10
 And you bite far into the heart of the house,
 But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer, 15
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

EVENING AT THE FARM

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes.

His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing; 5

The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes, 10

Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!" 15

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow, 20
The cooling dews are falling; —

The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes, 25

His cattle calling, —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”

While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!” 30

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.

The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowling, pushing, little and great;

About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump, 35

While the pleasant dewes are falling; —

The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes, 40

Soothingly calling,

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,

Saying “So! so, boss! so! so!” 45

To supper at last the farmer goes.

The apples are pared, the paper read,

The stories are told, then all to bed.

Without, the crickets’ ceaseless song

Makes shrill the silence all night long; 50

The heavy dewes are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes 55
Singing, calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring "So, boss! so!" 60
John Townsend Trowbridge

LITTLE BELL

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he —
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight un-
fold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold," — 5
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks —
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks —
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go." 10
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said she.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird; —
Full of quips and wiles, 15
Now so round and rich, now so soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

• And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er, 20
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes. 25

Down the dell she tripped; and through the
glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear,
"Little Bell!" piped he. 31

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies, 35
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes;
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one:
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun! 40
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare, 45
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare.

Little Bell gave each his honest share,
Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again, 50
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes. 55

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray:
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene 60
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft, 65
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, *dear* Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be 70
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

Thomas Westwood

RED RIDING-HOOD

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees sung
The naked elm-boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift, 10
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew 15
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is it that the black crow says? 20
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head 25
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;

Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale; 30
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn, 35
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
“Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak, —
Come, black old crow, — come, poor blue-
jay,
Before your supper’s blown away!
Don’t be afraid, we all are good; 40
And I’m mamma’s Red Riding-Hood!”

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest even the sparrow’s fall,
Keep in the little maiden’s breast
The pity which is now its guest! 45
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief 50
That wails along some printed leaf,
But prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman’s self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood! 55

John Greenleaf Whittier

WE ARE SEVEN

— A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl: 5
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad: 10
Her eyes were fair, and very fair; —
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said, 15
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea. 20

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell, 25
And two are gone to sea,

Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we; 30
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid 35
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door,
And they are side by side. 40

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir, 45
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay, 50
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played, 55
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.” 60

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven?”
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,
“O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead! 65
Their spirits are in heaven!”
’T was throwing words away: for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

William Wordsworth

TO A BUTTERFLY

I’VE watched you now a full half hour
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas 5
More motionless! — and then
What joy await you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours; 10
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers:
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough! 15
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

William Wordsworth

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POEMS FOR READING AND
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FIFTH GRADE

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POEMS FOR READING AND MEMORIZING IN THE FIFTH GRADE

GROUP I. POEMS BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still 5
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy! 10
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy 15
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day, 20

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude 25
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young, 30
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine; 35
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks, 40
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy! 45

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees, 50
Humming-birds and honey-bees;

For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone; 55
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond, 60
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides! ¹
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too; 65
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread; 70
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold, 75
Looped in many a wind-swung fold,
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire. 80

¹ The Hesperides were three nymphs who were set to guard the golden apples which Gæa (Earth) planted in the gardens of Here, as a wedding gift.

I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard, 85
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat: 90
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil, 95
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin. 100
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep, 5
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall; 10

Over the mountains winding down
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun 15
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down; 20

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right 25
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, 35
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word; 40

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost 45
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, 55
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town! 60

THE CORN-SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean 5
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow, 10
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers 15
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,

And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away. 20

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes, 25
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold, 30
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk, 35
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls! 40

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root, 45
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-fields to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod; 50
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

VALUATION

THE old Squire said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbor, the Deacon, went by,
"In spite of my bank stock and real estate,
You are better off, Deacon, than I.

"We're both growing old, and the end's drawing
near, 5
You have less of this world to resign,
But in Heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine.

"They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor,
I wish I could swap with you even: 10
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store
For the shillings and pence you have given."

"Well, Squire," said the Deacon, with shrewd
common sense,
While his eye had a twinkle of fun,
"Let your pounds take the way of my shillings
and pence, 15
And the thing can be easily done!"

SNOW-BOUND: A WINTER IDYL

(The first five stanzas)

THE sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning moon.
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky 5
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout,
 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, 10
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
 The coming of the snow-storm told.
 The wind blew east; we heard the roar 15
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
 Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows
 Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
 Impatient down the stanchion rows 25
 The cattle shake their walnut bows;
 While, peering from his early perch
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,

The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent. 30
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm.
As zigzag wavering to and fro 35
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle 45
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent 50
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and
towers 55
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;

The bridle-post an old man sat 60
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle. 65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew; 70
With mittened hands, and caps drawn
low,

To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid 75
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said, 85
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90

Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone, 95
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense 100
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear 110
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone. 115

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen, 5
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying 10
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes, 15
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving. 20

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow 25
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing, 30

And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

“I’m sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,” — the brown eyes lower fell,— 35
“Because, you see, I love you!”

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing! 40

He lives to learn, in life’s hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long au-
tumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with
grass again;
The first sharp frost had fallen, leaving all the
woodlands gay
With the hues of summer’s rainbow, or the
meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun
rose broad and red, 5
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he
sped;

Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and
subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly
pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the
night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow
light; 10
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified
the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed,
they knew not why,
And school-girls gay with aster-flowers, beside the
meadow brooks, 15
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of
sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient
weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless
as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low
rustling as they fell. 20

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-
fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the
pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed
with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through
husks that, dry and sere, 25
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out
the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a
verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's
sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a
creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk
and grain; 30
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank
down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in
brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow,
stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire
beyond,

Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory
shone, 35
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled
into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed
away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet
without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the
merry huskers came. 40

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitch-
forks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant
scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and
heart, 45
Talking their old times over, the old men sat
apart;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the
happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden
young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of
soft brown hair, 50
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-
ballad sung.

HOW THE ROBIN CAME

AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND

HAPPY young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree
While these home-birds in and out
Through the blossoms flit about.
Hear a story, strange and old, 5
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:
Once a great chief left his son, —
Well-beloved, his only one, —
When the boy was well-nigh grown, 10
In the trial-lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test
Lacking water, food, and rest. 15

Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept.
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint: 20
"Spare, me, father, for I faint!"

But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.

“You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food: 25
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
Bravely till your task is done. 30
Better you should starving die
Than that boy and squaw should cry
Shame upon your father’s son!”

When next morn the sun’s first rays
Glistened on the hemlock sprays, 35
Straight that lodge the old chief sought,
And boiled samp and moose meat brought.
“Rise and eat, my son!” he said.
Lo, he found the poor boy dead!
As with grief his grave they made, 40
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,
On the lodge-top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore, 45
Sat a bird, unknown before.
And as if with human tongue,
“Mourn me not,” it said, or sung:
“I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet, 50
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.

Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring 55
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells. 60
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith 65
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life and death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis, 70
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise, — 75
He who sings than he who slays.

RED RIDING-HOOD

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees sung
The naked elm-boughs tossed and swung;

While, through the window, frosty-starred 5
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift, 10
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew 15
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is it that the black crow says? 20
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head 25
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale; 30
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn, 35

And thus her timid guests bespoke:
 "Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak, —
 Come, black old crow, — come, poor blue-jay,
 Before your supper's blown away!
 Don't be afraid, we all are good; 40
 And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,
 Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,
 Keep in the little maiden's breast
 The pity which is now its guest! 45
 Let not her cultured years make less
 The childhood charm of tenderness,
 But let her feel as well as know,
 Nor harder with her polish grow!
 Unmoved by sentimental grief 50
 That wails along some printed leaf,
 But prompt with kindly word and deed
 To own the claims of all who need,
 Let the grown woman's self make good
 The promise of Red Riding-Hood! 55

GROUP II. POEMS BY ROBERT BURNS

SWEET AFTON

I

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
 braes!
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise!
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

II

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the
glen, 5

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming for-
bear —

I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair!

III

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding
rills! 10

There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

IV

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea, 15
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

V

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear
wave! 20

VI

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; 5
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa', 15
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free! 20

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH
IN APRIL

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'er,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, 5
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckl'd breast, 10
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth 15
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield; 20
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

3. *stoure*, dust.7. *neebor*, neighbor.15. *glint*, glance.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, 25
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies. 30

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine; 10
 But we've wandered monie a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roared, 15
 Sin' auld lang syne.

9. *brae*, the slope of a hill.10. *gowan*, the daisy.13. *burn*, stream.14. *dine*, dinner time.15. *braid*, broad.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne. 20

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

GROUP III

POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

SIR PATRICK SPENS

AN OLD BALLAD

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,
 Drinking the blude-red wine:
 "Oh, whare will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship of mine?"

Oh, up and spake an eldern knight, 5
 Sat at the king's right knee,
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it with his hand, 10
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

17. *fiere*, friend; comrade.

19. *willie-waught*, a hearty draught.

21. *pint-stoup*, flagon.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem;
The King’s daughter of Noroway, 15
’T is thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e’e. 20

“Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?”

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, 25
Our ship must sail the faem;
The King’s daughter of Noroway,
“’T is we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi’ a’ the speed they may; 30
And they hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wedensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway 35
Began aloud to say:

“Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s gowd,
And a’ our queenis fee.”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie! 40

“For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou’ o’ gude red gowd
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

“Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’ ! 45
Our gude ship sails the morn.”

“Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

“I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm; 50
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud, 55
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam’ o’er the broken ship
Till a’ her sides were torn. 60

“Oh, where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?”

“Oh, here am I, a sailor gude, 65
To take the helm in hand,
Till ye get up to the tall top-mast:
But I fear you’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane, 70
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the sale sea it came in.

“Gae, fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side, 75
And letna the sea come in.”

Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork heeled shoon!
But lang ere a’ the play was played
They wat their hats aboon. 80

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord’s son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white, 85
The maidens tore their hair;
A’ for the sake of their true loves,
For them they’ll see na mair.

Oh, lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand, 90
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi’ the goud kaims in their hair,
A’ waiting for their ain dear loves, 95
For them they’ll see na mair.

Oh, forty miles off Aberdour,
 'T is fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet. 100

Anonymous

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

I

HAMELIN town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city;
 The River Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its walls on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied; 5
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats! 10
 They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own
 ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats, 15
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats. 20

III

At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking:

“’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor’s a noddy,

“And as for our Corporation — shocking

“To think we buy gowns lined with ermine 25

“For dolts that can’t or won’t determine

“What’s best to rid us of our vermin!

“You hope, because you’re old and obese,

“To find in the furry civic robe ease?

“Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a rack-
ing 30

“To find the remedy we’re lacking,

“Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!”

At this the Mayor and Corporation

Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in Council; 35

At length the Mayor broke silence:

“For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell;

“I wish I were a mile hence!

“It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain —

“I’m sure my poor head aches again, 40

“I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.

“Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!”

Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?

“Bless us!” cried the Mayor, “what’s that?” 45

(With the Corporation as he sat,

Looking little though wondrous fat;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister

Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous 50
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)

“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat!

“Anything like the sound of a rat

“Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!”

V

“Come in!” the Mayor cried, looking bigger, 55
And in did come the strangest figure!

His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red;

And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, 60

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in;

There was no guessing his kith and kin;

And nobody could enough admire 65

The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one: “It’s as if my great-grandsire,

“Starting up at the trump of Doom’s tone,

“Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone!”

VI

He advanced to the council table: 70

And, “Please your honours,” said he, “I’m able,

“By means of a secret charm, to draw

“All creatures living beneath the sun,

“That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

“After me so as you never saw! 75

“And I chiefly use my charm

“On creatures that do people harm, —

"The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper:
 "And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck 80
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe
 To match his coat of the self-same cheque;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever stray-
 ing
 As if impatient to be playing 85
 Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 "In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 "Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats; 90
 "I eased in Asia the Nizam
 "Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
 "And as for what your brain bewilders,
 "If I can rid your town of rats
 "Will you give me a thousand guilders?" 95
 "One! fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept 100
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled; 105
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rum-
 bling;

And out of the houses the rats came tum-
 bling. 110

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers, 115

Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
 Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped, advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing, 120
 Until they came to the River Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished!

— Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished) 125

To Rat-land home his commentary:
 Which was, "At the first shrill note of the pipe
 "I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

"And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 "Into a cider-press's gripe: 130

"And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,

"And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,

"And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,

"And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:

"And it seemed as if a voice 135

"(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

"Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!

"'The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!

“So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
“Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!” 140
“And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
“All ready starved, like a great sun shone
“Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
“Just as methought it said, ‘Come, bore me!’
“— I found the Weser rolling o’er me.” 145

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles,
“Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
“Consult with carpenters and builders, 150
“And leave in our town not even a trace
“Of the rats!” When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, “First, if you please, my thousand guil-
ders!” 154

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhenish. 160
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
“Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;
“We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, 165
“And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.

“So friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
“From the duty of giving you something to drink,
“And a matter of money to put in your poke;
“But, as for the guilders, what we spoke 170
“Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
“Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
“A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!”

X

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling! I can’t wait, beside! 175
“I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time
“Bagdad, and accept the prime
“Of the Head-Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
“For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
“Of a nest of scorpions no survivor. 180
“With him I proved no bargain-driver;
“With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver!
“And folks who put me in a passion
“May find me pipe after another fashion.” 184

XI

“How!” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I’ll brook
“Being worse treated than a Cook?
“Insulted by a lazy ribald
“With idle pipe and vesture piebald!
“You threaten us, fellow! Do your worst;
“Blow your pipe there till you burst!” 190

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning 195

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clatter-
ing,

Little hands clapping and little tongues chatter-
ing, 200

And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is
scattering,

Out came the children running.

And all the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, 205

Tripping and skipping ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood

As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry 210

To the children merrily skipping by,

— Could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

And now the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, 215

As the Piper turned from the High Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However he turned from South to West,

And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, 220

And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.

“He never can cross that mighty top!
“He’s forced to let the piping drop,
“And we shall see our children stop!” 225
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last, 230
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, — 235
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left!
“I can’t forget that I’m bereft
“Of all the pleasant sights they see,
“Which the Piper also promised me:
“For he led us, he said, to a joyous land, 240
“Joining the town and just at hand,
“Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
“And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
“And everything was strange and new; 244
“The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
“And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
“And honey-bees had lost their stings,
“And horses were born with eagles’ wings:
“And just as I became assured
“My lame foot would be speedily cured, 250
“The music stopped, and I stood still,
“And found myself outside the hill,
“Left alone against my will,
“To go now limping as before,
“And never hear of that country more!” 255

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in! 260
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and
South,

To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went, 265
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 't was a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly 270
If, after the day of the month and the year,
These words did not as well appear,

"And so long after what happened here
"On the Twenty-second of July,
"Thirteen hundred and seventy-six": 275

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour. 280
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted 285
The same, to make the world acquainted

How their children were stolen away,
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe 290
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison 295
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers 300
 Of scores out with all men, — especially pipers!
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
 mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise!

Robert Browning

THE CRUISE OF THE WINDOW-BLIND

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip
 Was "The Walloping Window-blind";
 No gale that blew dismayed her crew
 Or troubled the captain's mind.
 The man at the wheel was taught to feel 5
 Contempt for the wildest blow,
 And it often appeared, when the weather had
 cleared,
 That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too; 10
And he played hop-scotch with the starboard
watch

While the captain tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after-rail
And fired salutes with the captain's boots, 15
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat,
And dined, in a royal way,
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread, each day. 20
But the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the food that he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns,
Chopped up with sugar and glue.

And we all felt ill as mariners will, 25
On a diet that's cheap and rude;
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the
cook

In a tub of his glue-some food.
Then nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore 30
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles,
And the Anagazanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,
And trimmed with cinnamon straws;
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue 35
Of the Tickletoeteaser's claws.

And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
 And shot at the whistling bee;
 And the Binnacle-bats wore water-proof hats
 As they danced in the sounding sea. 40

On rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,
 We fed, till we all had grown
 Uncommonly shrunk, — when a Chinese junk
 Came by from the torriby zone.
 She was stubby and square, but we did n't much
 care, 45
 And we cheerily put to sea;
 And we left the crew of the junk to chew
 The bark of the rubagub tree.

Charles E. Carryl

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE
 INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, 5
 "Though married we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
 And we will then repair 10
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

“My sister and my sister’s child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride 15
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done. 20

“I am a linen draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender,
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “That’s well said; 25
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kiss’d his loving wife;
O’erjoyed was he to find, 30
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow’d
To drive up to the door, lest all 35
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay’d,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side, 45
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin, 50
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, 55
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!" 60

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) 65
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew, 70
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat, 75
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed. 80

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried, 85
But John he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright, 90
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got 95
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern 105
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all; 110
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! He rides a race! 115
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down,
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, 125
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced; 130
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash 135
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house,"
They all aloud did cry; 146
"The dinner waits, and we are tired";
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there; 150
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to 155
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell; 165
Tell me you must and shall —
Say, why bare headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke; 170
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, 175
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in; 180

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 185
Thus showed his ready wit;
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.”

“But let me scrape the dust away,
That hangs upon your face; 190
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton, 195
And I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said,
“I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.” 200

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he 205
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallopp'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig; 210
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away, 215
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.” 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant, 225
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels, 230
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The rumbling of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, 235
They raised the hue and cry: —

“Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!”

Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way,
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space:
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, 245
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, “Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he”; 250
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Cowper

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW- WORM

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might, 5
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark; 10

So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he, 15
“As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song:
For ’t was the self-same Power Divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine; 20
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”
The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells, 25
And found a supper somewhere else.

William Cowper

A SEA-SONG

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys, 5
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry; 10

But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home, 15
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud; 20
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark 5
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,
They, the true-hearted, came; 10
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom 15
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the Anthem of the Free. 20
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair 25
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth; 30
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? — 35
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod; —
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God. 40

Felicia Hemans

OLD IRONSIDES

(U.S.S. *Constitution*)

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, 5
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe, 10
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck 15
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave: 20
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO

IN the little southern parlor of the house you may
have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking
westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window
on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of
to-night!

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it
came! 5
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of
cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had
come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of
ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restless-
ness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister
crowd the boy, 10
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave pa-
ternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the
words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very
sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen its
brow grow calm,

In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping
tinkling quills, 15
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic
thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always
loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the
glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye
grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Ves-
per Hymn." 20

Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-
red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — something like
ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps
at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper
dies, 25
"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden
cries,
(For she thought 't was a singing creature caged
in a box she heard,)
"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the
bird!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored,

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His ter-
rible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps; 5

They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps,

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel;

“As ye deal with My contemners, so with you
My grace shall deal: 10

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment-seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, — be
jubilant, my feet! 15

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
you and me:
As He died to make men Holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on. 20
Julia Ward Howe

“DOWN TO SLEEP”¹

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still,
November days are clear and bright,
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night,
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light, 5
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things “lie down to sleep.”

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads. 10
I never knew before, how much
Of human sound there is, in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep,
When all wild things “lie down to sleep.”

Each day I find new coverlids . 15
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight.
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down full in my sight,
I hear their chorus of “good night,”

¹ By courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

And half I smile and half I weep, 20
 Listening while they "lie down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still,
 November days are bright and good,
 Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,
 Life's night rests feet that long have stood, 25
 Some warm, soft bed in field or wood
 The mother will not fail to keep
 Where we can "lay us down to sleep."
Helen Hunt Jackson

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make Man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
 A lily of a day 5
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night, —
 It was the plant and flower of Light:
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10
Ben Jonson

MORNING

Now morning from her orient chambers came,
 And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill:
 Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
 Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill,
 Which, pure from mossy beds of simple flowers, 5
 By many streams a little lake did fill,

Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

John Keats

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever; 5
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley

THE HOUSEKEEPER

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.

Touch but a tip of him, a horn — 't is well, — 5
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.

He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.

Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.

He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure 11
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,

And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam, —
Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.

Charles Lamb

THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low; 5
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest:

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled; 10
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees, 15
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere. 20

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, 25
Standing in these walls of Time,

Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base; 30
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain, 35
And one boundless reach of sky.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO
THE PSALMIST

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! 5
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, 10
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating 15
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife! 20

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us 25
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main, 30
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing, 35
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE ¹

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year. 5

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea; 10
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled
oar 15

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar 20
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears, 25

¹ Revere was an American patriot, a silversmith and engraver by trade, whose tea-pots and cream jugs and tankards may be found in old Boston families.

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore. 30

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made 35
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town, 40
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, 45
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread 50
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats 55
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side, 60
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, 65
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, 70
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet: 76
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat. 80

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep.
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, 85
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog, 90
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock 95
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon. 100

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze 105
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball. 110

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane, 115
Then crossing the fields to emerge again

Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, — 121
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past, 125
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere. 130

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

EVENING IN PARADISE

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird —
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale; 5
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length 10
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

John Milton

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him. —
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, 5
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under; 10
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free, 15
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'T was my forefather's hand 5
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown 10

Are spread o'er land and sea —
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties!
 Oh, spare that aged oak 15
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here, too, my sisters played. 20
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand —
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling, 25
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot; 30
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

George Pope Morris

WARREN'S ADDRESS

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
 Will ye give it up to slaves?
 Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel? 5
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, — ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire? 10
Look behind you! they're afire,
And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — and will ye quail? —
Leaden rain and leaden hail 15
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must;
But oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well, 20
As where Heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

John Pierpont

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

[November, 1621]

“AND now,” said the Governor, gazing abroad
on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and
covered the meadows o'er,

"'Tis meet that we render praises because of
this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be
thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford by the grace
of God to-day, 5
And the franchise of this good people, Governor
of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power — ye shall gather
with one accord,
And hold, in the month November, thanksgiving
unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the
quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him
from wrack and wrong; 10
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden,
that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh
the harvests grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters: there
is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for
spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your
delicate crafts employ 15
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a
feast of joy!

“We fail of the fruits and dainties — we fail of
the old home cheer;
Ah, these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that
befall us here;
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the
melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us
the pumpkin-pie!” 20

So, bravely the preparations went on for the
autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild
game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-
brew served for wine,
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for
orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed: the snow had
begun to fall, 25
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who has-
tened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently
thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men, matrons,
and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet
and sword, were there; 30

And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in
its turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'er-
shadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sate down
with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods
and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest, — with a
blow on his brawny chest, 35
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His
white children best!"

Margaret Junkin Preston

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

A HINDOO FABLE

I

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation 5
Might satisfy his mind.

II

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl: 10
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp? 15
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take 20
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand, 25
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!" 30

VI

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant 35
Is very like a fan!"

VII

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,

Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope, 40
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
 Is very like a rope!"

VIII

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion 45
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
 Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong!

MORAL

So oft in theologic wars,
 The disputants, I ween, 50
 Rail on in utter ignorance
 Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

John G. Saxe

A GOOD NAME

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something,
 nothing;
 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to
 thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name 5
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

William Shakespeare

THE BLUE JAY ¹

O BLUE JAY up in the maple-tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest? 5
Tell me, I pray you, — tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright, 10
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple-tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning, 15
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think, —
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours, 20
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they 25
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,

¹ By permission.

The lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said, "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!" 30
Susan Hartley Swett

NIGHT

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor
stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine 5
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! 10
Robert Southey

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF

LITTLE one, come to my knee!
Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen, 5
Then pay for the story with kisses;
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited; 10
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof, 15
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded, —
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it. 20

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened; 25
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other; 30
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,

Each of us went from our hiding-place 35
 Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
 Hark, how the wind is roaring;
 Father's house is a better place
 When the stormy rain is pouring! 40
Bayard Taylor

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death,
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade! 5
 "Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed? 10
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered;
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die; — 15
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them 20
 Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred. 25

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while 30
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke 35
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them, 40
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well 45
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade? 50
Oh, the wild charge they made!

• All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

55

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

CHRISTMAS

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices in four hamlets round, 5
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes of the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease; 10
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

CHRISTMAS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night —
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new — 5
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;

The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more; 10
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life, 15
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease, 25
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand; 30
Ring out the darkness of the land, —
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE CHARCOALMAN

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies, 5
And thus from morn till eve he cries,

“Charco’! charco’!”

While echo faint and far replies,

“Hark, O! hark, O!”

“Charco’!” — “Hark, O!” — Such cheery
sounds 10

Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
’T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm; 15
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck, though still he cries,

“Charco’! charco’!”

While many a roguish lad replies,

“Ark, ho! ark, ho!” 20

“Charco’!” — “Ark, ho!” — Such various
sounds

Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness 25
Than many a richer man, I guess,

When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries,
 “Charco’! charco’!”

And Martha from the door replies, 30

“Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”

“Charco’!” — “Mark, ho!” — Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds!

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
 And while his hand, washed clean and white, 35

Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,

His glowing face bends fondly o’er

The crib wherein his darling lies,

And in a coaxing tone he cries,

“Charco’! charco’!” 40

And baby with a laugh replies,

“Ah, go! ah, go!”

“Charco’!” — “Ah, go!” — while at the sounds
 The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

John T. Trowbridge

WRITTEN IN MARCH

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF
 BROTHER’S WATER

THE Cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,

The green field sleeps in the sun; 5

The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one! 10

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon : 15
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone! 20

William Wordsworth

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133. Schurz's Abraham Lincoln.
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148. Hawthorne's Marble Faun.

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The Riverside Literature Series

POEMS FOR READING AND
MEMORIZING
SIXTH GRADE

Prescribed by the New York State Education
Department in the Elementary Syllabus
in Language and Literature, 1919



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POEMS FOR READING AND MEMORIZING IN THE SIXTH GRADE

GROUP I. POEMS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

HIE AWAY

HIE away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green, 10
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

SOLDIER, REST!

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more; 10
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang of war-steed champng,
Trump nor pibroch summon here 15
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champng,
Shouting clans or squadrons stampng.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; 25
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying: 30
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye 35
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG LOCHINVAR is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the
best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had
none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, 5
There never was knight like the young Loch-
invar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for
stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was
none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came
late; 10
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers
and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword, 15
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
word,)
“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-
var?” —

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide — 20

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up, 25

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —

"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,

That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far, 35

To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her
ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Neth-
erby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie
Lee, 45
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they
see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochin-
var?

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array
To Surrey’s camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand, 5
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,

And whispered in an undertone,
“Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.” 10
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
“Though something I might plain,” he said,
“Of cold respect to stranger guest
Sent hither by your king’s behest, 15
While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.” —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms and thus he spoke: — 20
“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone, 25
From turret to foundation-stone, —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.” —

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire, 30
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — “This to me!” he said, —
“An’t were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head! 35
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, 40

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied! 45
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage 50
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou
then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? 55
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms, — what, Warder,
ho!
Let the portcullis fall." —
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his
need! —
And dashed the rowels in his steed, 60
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies, 65
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand, 70
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and
 chase!"

But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came, 75
 Though most unworthy of the name.

.
 Saint Mary, mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'T is pity of him too," he cried; 80
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
 I warrant him a warrior tried."
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride:
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie, 5
 Sae comely to be seen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale; 10
 Young Frank is chief of Errington
 And lord of Langley-dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa' 15
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair; 20
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen." —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide, 25
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen! 30
She's o'er the Border and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

SPINDLE SONG

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning, 5
And the infant's life beginning,

Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain; 10
Doubt and jealousy and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle,
Twist ye, twine ye! even so, 15
Mingle human bliss and woe.

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling, 5
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray, 10
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay, 15
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size; 20
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chants the lay, 25
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk? 30
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND

HEAP on more wood! — the wind is chill;
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer: 5
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall, 10
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;

While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone; 15
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly;
And, dancing round the blazing pile, 20
They make such barbarous mirth the
while,

As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled 25
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:

On Christmas eve the bells were rung; 30

On Christmas eve the mass was sung;

That only night, in all the year,

Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;

The hall was dressed with holly green; 35

Forth to the wood did merry-men go,

To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall

To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;

Power laid his rod of rule aside, 40

And Ceremony doffed her pride.

The heir, with roses in his shoes,

That night might village partner choose;

The lord, underogating, share

The vulgar game of "post and pair." 45

All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, 50
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord. 55
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on
high

Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell 60
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls. 65
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.

Then came the merry maskers in, 70
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.

Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery; 75
White skirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made:

But, O, what masquers richly dight
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when 80
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'T was Christmas broached the mightiest
 ale;
 'T was Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer 84
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

GROUP II. POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

THE WANTS OF MAN

"MAN wants but little here below, .
 Nor wants that little long."
 'T is not with *me* exactly so;
 But 't is so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told, 5
 Would muster many a score;
 And were each wish a mint of gold,
 I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread —
 And canvas-backs — and wine — 10
 And all the realms of nature spread
 Before me, when I dine.
 Four courses scarcely can provide
 My appetite to quell;
 With four choice cooks from France beside 15
 To dress my dinner well.

What next I want at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire. 20
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck, —
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want) a wife — 25
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind, — 30
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons 35
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave. 40

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flattery will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power, —

A friend to chide me when I'm wrong, 45
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command; 50
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task 55
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind, 60
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *wants* of mortal *man*, 65
I cannot want them long;
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss — a song.
My last great *want*, absorbing all —
Is, when beneath the sod, 70
And summoned to my final call,
The "mercy of my God."

John Quincy Adams

BEFORE THE RAIN

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens — 5
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain 10
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

DARE TO BE RIGHT!

DARE to be right! Dare to be true!
For you have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to be right! Dare to be true! 5
The failings of others can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your
faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

Anonymous

DARE TO DO RIGHT

DARE to be honest, good and sincere;
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right;
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be patient and loving each day; 5
Dare speak the truth, whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle, and orderly too;
Dare shun the evil, whatever you do.

Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true;
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way
through. 10

Anonymous

LORD LOVEL

AN OLD BALLAD

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said, 5
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see."

“When will you be back, Lord Lovel?” she said,
“Oh! when will you come back?” said she; 10
“In a year or two — or three, at the most,
I’ll return to my fair Nancy.”

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head, 15
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras’ bells,
And the people all mourning round. 20

“Oh, what is the matter,” Lord Lovel he said,
“Oh! what is the matter?” said he;
“A lord’s lady is dead,” a woman replied,
“And some call her Lady Nancy.”

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide, 25
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow; 30
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras’ church;
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose, 35
And out of her lover’s a brier.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran 25
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt
Ere daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain; 30
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care, 35
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make. 40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come, 45
No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

“Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright; 50
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

“All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;”
“Then cease your sports,” Earl Percy said, 55
“And take your bows with speed;

“And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France, 60

“That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, 65
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

“Show me,” said he, “whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here, 70
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.”

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he —
Who said, “We list not to declare, 75
Nor show whose men we be:

“Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay.”

Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say: 80

“Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art —
Lord Percy, so am I.

“But trust me, Percy, pity it were, 85
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

“Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.” 90
“Accursed be he,” Earl Percy said,
“By whom this is denied.”

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, “I would not have it told 95
To Henry, our king, for shame,

“That e’er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls,” said Witherington,
“And I a squire alone; 100

“I’ll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I’ll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows — 105
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good; 110
As valiant Captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes 115
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground. 120

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side — 125
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear, 130
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode, 135
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel. 140

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said;
“In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.

“Thy ransom I will freely give, 145
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,
“Thy proffer I do scorn; 150
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart, 155
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
“Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.” 160

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"In truth, my very heart doth bleed 165
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die, 170
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed, 175
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear; 180

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die, 185
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree; 190
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon 195
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun:
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done. 200

With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James, 205
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps; 210
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field, 215
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratchliff, too —
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be. 220

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, 225
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest on Chevy-Chace were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail; 230
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times, 235
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain: 240

"Oh heavy news," King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came 245
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chace:

“Now God be with him,” said our king,
“Since ’t will no better be; 250
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

“Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take:
I’ll be revengèd on them all, 255
For brave Earl Percy’s sake.”

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of high renown; 260

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land, 265
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
’Twixt noblemen may cease!

Anonymous

THE FLAG GOES BY

HATS OFF!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

5

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

10

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

15

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

20

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

25

And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Henry Holcomb Bennett

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN ¹

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean 5
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown, 10
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall 15
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart. 20

William Cullen Bryant

¹ By courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

THE YELLOW VIOLET ¹

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume, 5
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould, 10
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue, 15
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh. 20

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

¹ By courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget 25
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them — but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light, 30
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

William Cullen Bryant

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is
green, 5
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd; 10
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and
chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever
grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his
pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
turf, 15

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail;

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal!
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

George Gordon, Lord Byron

PICTURES OF MEMORY

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,

Is one of a dim old forest

That seemeth best of all:

Not for its gnarled oaks olden, 5

Dark with the mistletoe;

Not for the violets golden

That sprinkle the vale below;

Not for the milk-white lilies

That lean from the fragrant hedge, 10

Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their shining edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries be,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip, 15
It seemeth the best to me.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep —
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep; 20
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary, 25
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace, 30
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty, 35
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the old dim forest
Seemeth the best of all. 40

Alice Cary

WORK

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share, 5
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground, and till it; 10
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead 15
Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily. 20
Work with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand, like a man, —
The best way to *know* is to *do*!

Down and up till life shall close, 25
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.

Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall; 30
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

Alice Cary

THE SEA

THE SEA! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies; 5
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go; 10
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon, 15
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more, 20
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;

And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn, 25
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child! 30

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me, 35
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

Barry Cornwall

LA MARSEILLAISE

YE sons of Freedom, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding, 5
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus:

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath! 10
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling, 15
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruining? 20

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us, 25
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty, can man resign thee!
Once having felt thy generous flame? 30
Can dungeons, bars and bolts confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield, 35
And all their arts are unavailing.

Rouget de Lisle

THE RHODORA

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:

The purple petals, fallen in the pool 5
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, 10
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose 15
The selfsame Power that brought me there,
brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

CONCORD HYMN

Sung at completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept; 5
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone; 10
That memory may her dead redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare 15
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE SNOWSTORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end. 5
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry. 10
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work 15
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, 20
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work:
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,

Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art 25
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew, 5
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat, 10
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue, 15
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe: 20
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;

Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor, 25
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day; 30
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth 35
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray. 40

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew, 45
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red; 50
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Love and tears for the Blue, 55
 Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'T WAS on the shores that round our coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long, 5
 And weedy and long was he;
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
 In a singular minor key: —

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig, 10
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
 Till I really felt afraid,
 For I could n't help thinking the man had been
 drinking, 15
 And so I simply said: —

"O elderly man, it's little I know
 Of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand
 How you can possibly be 20

“At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which 25
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid
He spun this painful yarn: —

“’T was in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian sea, 30
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“And pretty nigh all o’ the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o’ soul);
And only ten of the Nancy’s men 35
Said ‘Here’ to the muster-roll.

“There was me, and the cook, and the captain
bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig. 40

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and, accordin’, shot
The captain for our meal.

“The next lot fell to the Nancy’s mate, 45
And a delicate dish he made;

Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

“And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,
And he much resembled pig; 50
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

“Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ‘Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?’ arose, 55
And we argued it out as sich.

“For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we’d both be blowed if we’d either be stowed
In the other chap’s hold, you see. 60

“‘I’ll be eat if you dines off me,’ says Tom.
‘Yes, that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be.
I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I;
And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“Says he: ‘Dear James, to murder me 65
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don’t you see that you can’t cook me,
While I can — and will — cook you?’

“So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true 70
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped sha-
lot,
And some sage and parsley too.

“‘Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
“T will soothing be if I let you see 75
How extremely nice you’ll smell.’”

“And he stirred it round, and round, and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth. 80

“And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

“And I never larf, and I never smile, 85
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say:

“O, I am a cook, and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig, 90
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

William Schwenck Gilbert

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer’d the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer’s lingering blooms delay’d;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, 10
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day, 15
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd; 20
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown, 25
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove: 30
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,
These were thy charms, — but all these charms
are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn! 35
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies, 45
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more; 60
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;

Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose, 65
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room, 70
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green:
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour, 75
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
grew, 80
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown, 85
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd
skill, 90
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95
Here to return, — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease; 100
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way; 110
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow, 115
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school; 120
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail, 125
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread.
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring; 130
She, wretched matron, — forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn —
She only left of all the harmless train, 135
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his
place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their
pain; 150
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for
all.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise, 175
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man, 181
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest, 185
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm, 190
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, 195
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face; 200
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, 205
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge; 210
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
 sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew 215
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing
 eye, 220
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; 230
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,

While broken teacups, wisely kept for show, 235
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 240
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play, 255
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd, —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain, 261
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey 265
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore; 270
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride 275
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their
 growth; 280
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all 285
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes; 290
But when those charms are past, for charms are
 frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:

Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd, 295
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band; 300
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd, 305
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share; 310
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade, 315
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train; 320
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine
eyes 325

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, 329
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all — her friends, her virtue fled —
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread. 340

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between.
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they
go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd be-
fore, 345

The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; 350

Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey 355
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
ing day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their
last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep! 370
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder complaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose; 380
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a
tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree, 385
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own. 390
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety with wishes plac'd above, 405
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;

Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; 410
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel, 415
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
 Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength pos-
 sest, 425
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

Oliver Goldsmith

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer, 5
 I laughed as I would die;

Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him 10
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb.

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,) 15
“There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin. 20

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar; 25
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man, 30
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold: — 5
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” — The Vision raised its
head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, “The names of those who love the
Lord.” 10
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night 15
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls 5
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs, 10
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp, 15
The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors. 20

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss, 25
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly, 30
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast 35
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood. 40

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, 5
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth, 10
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane. 15

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain 25
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so; 30
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, 35
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?”
“'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” —
And he steered for the open sea. 40

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,
 Oh say, what may it be?”
 “Some ship in distress, that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
 Oh say, what may it be?” 45
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies, 50
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
 That savèd she might be;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave, 55
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Tow’rds the reef of Norman’s Woe. 60

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, 65
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool, 70
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank, 75
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, 85
 In the midnight and the snow!
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

EXCELSIOR

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior! 35

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!45

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

JUNE

FROM THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen, 5
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers; 10
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean 15

To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives; 20
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year, 25

And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it; 30
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help know-
ing 35

That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are
flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky, 40
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer, 45
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving; 50
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake; 55
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth, 60
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

James Russell Lowell

ARNOLD WINKELRIED

(July 9, 1386)

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried,
Made way for Liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
A wall, — where every conscious stone 5
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear:

A wood, — like that enchanted grove
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove, 10
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life:
So still, so dense, the Austrians stood, 15
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line, 20
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their father-land
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke 25
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gained
In many a mortal fray maintained. 30
Marshalled once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead, or living, Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed, 35
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod. 40

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground, 45
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed:
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet: 50
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour, 55
Annihilates the invader's power:
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date. 60
Few were the number she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself were he 65
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed:
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name. 70

Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form 75
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won; 80
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried; 85
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry, 90
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow 95
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

James Montgomery

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

GIRT round with rugged mountains the fair Lake
Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected, shine back the starry
skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet float silently
and slow,
You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth be-
low!

Midnight is there; and silence, enthroned in
heaven, looks down 5
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping
town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol
shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand
years and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their rocky
steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages on the
deep; 10
Mountain and lake and valley, a sacred legend
know,
Of how the town was saved one night, three hun-
dred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred a Tyrol maid had
fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily
bread;

And every year that fledted so silently and fast 15
Seem'd to bear further from her the memory of
the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor ask'd for rest
or change;
Her friends seem'd no more new ones, their speech
seem'd no more strange;
And, when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side
Bregenz lay. 20

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and
with tears;
Her Tyrol home seem'd faded in a deep mist of
years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or
strife;
Each day she rose, contented, to the calm toils of
life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering
round her stand, 25
She sang them the old ballads of her own native
land;
And, when at morn and evening she knelt before
God's throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley more peaceful year
by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great
deed seem'd near. 30

The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up
and down in talk.

The men seem'd stern and alter'd, with looks cast
on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gath-
er'd round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put
away; 35
The very children seem'd afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from
the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walk'd up
and down.
Yet now and then seem'd watching a strange, un-
certain gleam,
That look'd like lances 'mid the trees that stood
below the stream. 40

At eve they all assembled, all care and doubt
were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was
nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursèd
land!

"The night is growing darker; ere one more day
is flown 45
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall
be our own!"

The women shrank in terror, (yet pride, too, had
her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her
heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz, once more her
towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her coun-
try's foes! 50
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood
flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaim'd her as
their own!

Nothing she heard around her, (though shouts
rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture,
and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one
cry, 55
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if
need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noise-
less step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the
shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from
out her hand,
She mounted and she turn'd his head toward her
native land. 60

Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still
more fast;

The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut
wood is pass'd;

She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed
so slow? —

Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as
they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “O, faster!” Eleven the
church-bells chime: 65

“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz, and bring me
there in time!”

But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the
kine,

Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the
Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop
check?

The steed draws back in terror, she leans above
his neck 70

To watch the flowing darkness, the bank is high
and steep;

One pause, — he staggers forward, and plunges
in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser
throws the rein;

Her steed must breast the waters that dash above
his mane;

How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through
the foam, 75
And see, in the far distance shine out the lights of
home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they
rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower above
the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz just as the mid-
night rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news
she brings. 80

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements
are mann'd;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the
land:
And, if to deeds heroic should endless fame be
paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol
maid.

Three hundred years are vanish'd, and yet upon
the hill 85
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor
still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in
the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the charger and
the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway,
street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each
passing hour: 90
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud, and
then (O crown of fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the
maiden’s name.

Adelaide A. Procter

OUR FLAG ¹

FLAG of the fearless-hearted,
Flag of the broken chain,
Flag in a day-dawn started,
Never to pale or wane.
Dearly we prize its colors, 5
With the heaven light breaking through,
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,
The red, the white, and the blue.

Flag of the sturdy fathers,
Flag of the royal sons, 10
Beneath its folds it gathers
Earth’s best and noblest ones.
Boldly we wave its colors,
Our veins are thrilled anew
By the steadfast bars, the clustered stars, 15
The red, the white, and the blue.

Margaret Sangster

¹ Reprinted from *Lyrics of Love*, by Margaret, E. Sangster. By permission of Fleming H. Revell Company.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers 5
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art, 10
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

William Shakespeare

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

LOOK on this cast, and know the hand
 That bore a nation in its hold:
 From this mute witness understand
 What Lincoln was, — how large of mould

The man who sped the woodman's team, 5
 And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
 And pushed the laden raft astream,
 Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
 The axe — since thus would Freedom train 10
 Her son — and made the forest ring,
 And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look, 15
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute! 20

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein 25
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas — and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press; 30
And now 't is furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This moulded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace, 35
Breathes like a spirit, in and out, —

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure. 40

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast 45
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!
Edmund Clarence Stedman

THE THROSTLE

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue. 5
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy! 10
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear, 15
And all the winters are hidden.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of bloom and heather, 5.
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer, — 10
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear; —
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music 15
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept. 20
“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers, —
Pray to-day!” the soldier said;
“To-morrow, death’s between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited, 25
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.

Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground: 30
“Dinna ye hear it? — dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o’ Havelock sound!”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll 35
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true; —
As her mother’s cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew. 40

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch, 45
She knew the Campbell’s call:
“Hark! hear ye no MacGregor’s,
The grandest o’ them all!”

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last; 50
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper’s blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman’s voice and man’s;
“God be praised! — the march of Have-
lock! 55
The piping of the clans!”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life. 60

But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow, 65
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.

O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain; 70
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle 75
The piper's song is dear.

Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain-glen and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played! 80

John Greenleaf Whittier

LUCY GRAY, OR SOLITUDE

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight 35
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept, — and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet;” —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge 45
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall.

And then an open field they crossed,
The marks were still the same; 50
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank; 55
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth

LORD OF HIMSELF

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are, 5
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice; who never understood 10
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend; 20

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton

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GROUP I. POEMS BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

CONTENTMENT

“Man wants but little here below”

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,) —
That I may call my own; —
And close at hand is such a one, 5
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten; —
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen! 10
I always thought cold victual nice; —
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and there, —
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand, 15
Or trifling railroad share, —
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
 And titles are but empty names; 20
 I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —
 But only near St. James;
 I'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 't is a sin 25
 To care for such unfruitful things;
 One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
 Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
 A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
 Will do for me; — I laugh at show. 30

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear;)
 I own perhaps I *might* desire
 Some shawls of true Cashmere, —
 Some marrowy crapes of China silk, 35
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
 So fast that folks must stop and stare;
 An easy gait — two, forty-five —
 Suits me; I do not care; — 40
 Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
 Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
 Titians and Raphaels three or four, —

22. St. James's Palace was the London residence of the British sovereigns, from the burning of Whitehall, in the reign of William III., down to 1837, in the reign of Victoria, when the royal household was transferred to Buckingham Palace.

I love so much their style and tone, — 45
 One Turner, and no more,
 (A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —
 The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear; 50
 The rest upon an upper floor; —
 Some *little* luxury *there*
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam
 And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these, 55
 Which others often show for pride,
 I value for their power to please,
 And selfish churls deride;
 One Stradivarius, I confess,
 Two meerschaums, I would fain possess. 60

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But *all* must be of buhl?
 Give grasping pomp its double share, — 65
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them *much*, — 70
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

59. Stradivarius was a famous violin maker, born at Cremona, in Italy (1649-1737). Some of his instruments have sold as high as \$2000.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay, 5
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, — 10
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 Left without a scalp to its crown. 15
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, 20
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, 25
That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't wear
out.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; 30
It should be so built that it *could n'* break
daown:

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest 35
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills; 40
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest
trees,

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," — 45
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died. 55
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, 60
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren — where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; it came and found 65
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
 Running as usual; much the same. 70
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer. 75
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay, 81
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part 85
 That there was n't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,

And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more, 90
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five! 95
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they. 100
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill. 105
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock! 110
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce, 115
How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say. 120

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, 5
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe, 10
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck 15
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave; 20
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

UNION AND LIBERTY

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and
flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright, 5
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE! 10

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc. 15

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc. 20

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc. 25

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright, 30
Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

35

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY

'T IS like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one
 remembers
 All the achings and the quakings of "the times that
 tried men's souls;"
 When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel*
 story,
 To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning
 coals.

2. In December, 1776, Thomas Paine, whose *Common Sense* had so remarkable a popularity as the first homely expression of public opinion on Independence, began issuing a series of tracts called *The Crisis*, eighteen numbers of which appeared. The familiar words quoted by the grandmother must often have been heard and used by her. They begin the first number of *The Crisis*: "These are the times that try men's souls: the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

3. The terms *Whig* and *Tory* were applied to the two parties in England who represented, respectively, the Whigs political and religious liberty, the Tories royal prerogative and ecclesiastical authority. The names first came into use in 1679 in the struggles at the close of Charles II's reign, and continued in use until a generation or so ago, when they gave place to somewhat corresponding terms of Liberal and Conservative. At the breaking out of the war for Independence, the Whigs in England opposed the measures taken by the crown in the management of the American colonies, while the Tories supported the crown. The names were naturally applied in America to the patriotic party, who were termed Whigs, and the loyalist party, termed Tories. The Tories in turn called the patriots rebels.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running
battle; 5

Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats
still;

But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up
before me,

When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of
Bunker's Hill.

"T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first
thing gave us warning

Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the
shore: 10

"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is
all this noise and clatter?

Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us
once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of
all my quaking,

To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to
roar:

She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter
and the pillage, 15

When the Mohawks killed her father with their bul-
lets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret
and worry any,

For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is
work or play;

5. The Lexington and Concord affair of April 19, 1775, when
Lord Percy's soldiers retreated in a disorderly manner to Charles-
town, annoyed on the way by the Americans who followed and
accompanied them.

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute" —

For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day. 20

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;

God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing,

How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping 25

Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on the wooden leg he wore,

With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I had found him,

So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier and his people;

The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair, 30

Just across the narrow river — Oh, so close it made me shiver! —

Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,

Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb:

Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other, 35

And their lips were white with terror as they said,
THE HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons' deafening thrill,

When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode sedately;

It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he commanded on the hill. 40

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly figure,

With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall;

Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure,

Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming; 45

40. Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the detachment which marched from Cambridge, June 16, 1775, to fortify Breed's Hill, was the grandfather of William Hickling Prescott, the historian. He was in the field during the entire battle of the 17th, in command of the redoubt.

42. *Banyan* — a flowered morning gown which Prescott is said to have worn during the hot day, a good illustration of the unmilitary appearance of the soldiers engaged. His nonchalant walk upon the parapets is also a historic fact, and was for the encouragement of the troops within the redoubt.

At noon in marching order they were moving to the
piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked
far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted
grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it
seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on
their backs, 50
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's
slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood
along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they
formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for sol-
diers, soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and
fasting, — 55
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly
up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines
advancing —
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown
away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above
them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer
not. 60

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear
sometimes and tipple), —

He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French
war) before, —

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
hearing, —

And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty bel-
fry floor: —

“Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George’s
shillin’s, 65

But ye’ll waste a ton of powder afore a ‘rebel’
falls;

You may bang the dirt and welcome, they’re as safe
as Dan’l Malcolm

Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you’ve splin-
tered with your balls!”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepi-
dation

Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh
breathless all; 70

Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety bel-
fry railing,

We are crowding up against them like the waves
against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer, —
nearer, — nearer,

When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a
crash — the steeple shakes —

62. Many of the officers as well as men on the American side had become familiarized with service through the old French war, which came to an end in 1763.

The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is
rended; 75

Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud
it breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over!

The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is
flying

Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into
spray. 80

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat
— it can't be doubted!

God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim
old soldier's smile!

"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly
speak we shook so), —

"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? **ARE** they
beaten?" — "Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw
our error: 85

They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them
back in vain;

And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,

Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted
breasts again.

All at once, as we were gazing, lo! the roofs of Charles-
town blazing!

They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will
be down! 90

The Lord in Heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them, —

The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each
massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed? 95

Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied
or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the
foes asunder!

Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork
they will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken when the
ominous calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance
of the storm! 100

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards
to the water,

Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves
of Howe; ¹

And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their
barges they have run for:

They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over
now!"

102. The generals on the British side were Howe, Clinton, and Pigot.

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old
soldier's features, 105
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we
would ask:
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once more, I
guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" — then he
handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of
Old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is
done;" 110
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt
and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was
begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm
clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were
creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming with their
bagonets fixed for storming: 115
It's the death-grip that's a-coming, — they will try
the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them
glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold un-
coiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating
drum! 120

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful
story,

How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea
breaks over a deck;

How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,

With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swim-
mers from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I
fainted, 125

And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair:

When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening
lamps were lighted, —

On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was
bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, “Send for WAR-
REN! hurry! hurry!

Tell him here’s a soldier bleeding, and he’ll come and
dress his wound!” 130

Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,

How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and
bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the
place from which he came was,

Who had brought him from the battle, and had left
him at our door,

129. Dr. Joseph Warren, of equal note at the time as a medical
man and a patriot. He was a volunteer in the battle, and fell there,
the most serious loss on the American side.

He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our
brave fellows, 135

As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered
round him crying, —

And they said, “Oh, how they'll miss him!” and,
“What *will* his mother do?”

Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has
been dozing,

He faintly murmured, “Mother!” — and — I saw
his eyes were blue. 140

— “Why grandma, how you're winking!” — Ah, my
child, it sets me thinking

Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along;

So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like
a — mother,

Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant
summer weather; 145

— “Please to tell us what his name was?” — Just
your own, my little dear,

There's his picture Copley painted: we became so well
acquainted,

That, — in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you
children are all here!

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLEGIAN,
1830, TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE,
1876

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag, 5
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third — and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame. 10
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few;
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well 15
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan; 20
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about, 25
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;

5. g. m. *gray mare*. 6. s. h. *sorrel horse*. 8. b. g. *bay gelding*.

Here stands — each youthful Jehu's dream —
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand; 30
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;
(The style's the man, so books a vow;
The style's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace 35
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these! 40

“Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!” “Will you? Done!”

What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story's through. 45

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day; 50
(A funeral — so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare, 55
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;

Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down, — 60
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
“And are we then so soon forgot?”
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name “Old Blue,”
Whose fame through all this region rung 65
In those old days when I was young!

“Bring forth the horse!” Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed, 70
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed 75
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein, — a sight to see! 80

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth 85
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsy wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,

And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track, 90
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast;
“Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!” 95
Cried out unsentimental Dan;
“A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!”
Budd Doble’s scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam, 100
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He’s not a colt; he knows full well 105
That time is weight and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges’ stand, 110
Beneath his jockey’s feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

“Go!” — Through his ear the summons stung 115
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;

It thrills like flame through every limb —
What mean his twenty years to him? 120
The savage blow his driver dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein, — 125
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh; 130
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while 135
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear; 140
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake, 145
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
"Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight! Hould
tight!"
"Cling round his neck and don't let go —
That pace can't hold — there! steady! whoa!" 150

But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by, 155
And "Stop him! — stop him!" is the cry.
Stand back! he's only just begun —
He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your
brains;

But follow up and grab the reins!" 160
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go, 165
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy; 170
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout, 175
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse — all the rest astern —
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot! 180
That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"

Some took his time, — at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand 185
What happened to his second-hand;
One said 2.10; *that* could n't be —
More like two twenty two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
“The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast!” 190

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one-horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise 195
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
“That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
If brother — Jehu — made the prayer!” 200

And this is all I have to say
About that tough old trotting bay.
Huddup! Huddup! G'lang! — Good-day!

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old. 205

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

No! never such a draught was poured
Since Hebe served with nectar
The bright Olympians and their Lord,
Her overkind protector, —

Since Father Noah squeezed the grape 5
And took to such behaving
As would have shamed our grandsire ape
Before the days of shaving, —
No! ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall, or arbor, 10
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor!
It kept King George so long awake
His brain at last got addled,
It made the nerves of Britain shake, 15
With sevenscore millions saddled;
Before that bitter cup was drained,
Amid the roar of cannon,
The Western war-cloud's crimson stained
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon; 20
Full many a six-foot grenadier
The flattened grass had measured,
And many a mother many a year
Her tearful memories treasured;
Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall, 25
The mighty realms were troubled.
The storm broke loose, but first of all
The Boston teapot bubbled!

An evening party, — only that,
No formal invitation, 30
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
No feast in contemplation,
No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —
A tribe of Red men, axe in hand, — 35
Behold the guests advancing!

How fast the stragglers join the throng,
From stall and workshop gathered!
The lively barber skips along
And leaves a chin half-lathered; 40
The smith has flung his hammer down, —
The horseshoe still is glowing;
The truant tapster at the Crown
Has left a beer-cask flowing;
The cooper's boys have dropped the adze, 45
And trot behind their master;
Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —
The crowd is hurrying faster, —
Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
The streams of white-faced millers, 50
And down their slippery alleys rush
The lusty young Fort-Hillers;
The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —
The tories seize the omen:
"Ay, boys, you'll soon have work to do 55
For England's rebel foemen,
'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
That fire the mob with treason, —
When these we shoot and those we hang
The town will come to reason." 60

On — on to where the tea-ships ride!
And now their ranks are forming, —
A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
The Mohawk band is swarming!
See the fierce natives! What a glimpse 65
Of paint and fur and feather,
As all at once, the full-grown imps
Light on the deck together!

A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
 A blanket hides the breeches, — 70
 And out the cursèd cargo leaps,
 And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board
 So gracious, sweet, and purring,
 So happy while the tea is poured, 75
 So blest while spoons are stirring,
 What martyr can compare with thee,
 The mother, wife, or daughter,
 That night, instead of West Bohea,
 Condemned to milk and water! 80

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
 Who plies with rock and spindle
 The patient flax, how great a flame
 Yon little spark shall kindle!
 The lurid morning shall reveal 85
 A fire no king can smother
 Where British flint and Boston steel
 Have clashed against each other!
 Old charters shrivel in its track,
 His Worship's bench has crumbled, 90
 It climbs and clasps the union-jack,
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
 The flags go down on land and sea
 Like corn before the reapers;
 So burned the fire that brewed the tea 95
 That Boston served her keepers!
 The waves that wrought a century's wreck
 Have rolled o'er whig and tory;

69. At this time, 1773, and until near the end of the century, it was the fashion to wear wigs tied in a queue (pigtail) behind.

The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
Still live in song and story; 100
The waters in the rebel bay
Have kept the tea-leaf savor;
Our old North-Enders in their spray
Still taste a Hyson flavor;
And Freedom's tea-cup still o'erflows 105
With ever fresh libations,
To cheat of slumber all her foes
And cheer the wakening nations!

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN

OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come back!
They hanged them high, — No use! No use!
What cares a witch for a hangman's noose?
They buried them deep, but they would n't lie still, 5
For cats and witches are hard to kill;
They swore they should n't and would n't die, —
Books said they did, but they lie! they lie!

A couple of hundred years, or so,
They had knocked about in the world below, 10
When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,
And a homesick feeling seized them all;
For he came from a place they knew full well,
And many a tale he had to tell.
They longed to visit the haunts of men, 15
To see the old dwellings they knew again,
And ride on their broomsticks all around
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex County there's many a roof
 Well known to him of the cloven hoof; 20
 The small square windows are full in view
 Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
 On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high
 Seen like shadows against the sky;
 Crossing the track of owls and bats, 25
 Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,
 The sights we see in our daily drives:
 Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
 Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree, 30
 (It was n't then as we see it now,
 With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow;)
 Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
 Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
 Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake 35
 Glide through his forests of fern and brake;
 Ipswich River; its old stone bridge;
 Far-off Andover's Indian Ridge,
 And many a scene where history tells
 Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, — 40
 Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,
 Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
 (The fearful story that turns men pale:
 Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

34. Dante was an Italian poet (1265–1321). One of his works, *The Inferno*, is famous for its graphic pictures of the gloomy and the awful.

41. "Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow!
 Christ save us all from a death like this
 On the reef of Norman's Woe."

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*.

Who would not, will not, if he can, 45
Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
Rest in the bowers her bays enfold,
Loved by the sachems and squaws of old?
Home where the white magnolias bloom,
Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume, 50
Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea!
Where is the Eden like to thee?
For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"
There had been no peace in the world below;
The witches still grumbling, "It is n't fair; 55
Come, give us a taste of the upper air!
We've had enough of your sulphur springs,
And the evil odor that round them clings;
We long for a drink that is cool and nice, —
Great buckets of water with Wenham ice; 60
We've served you well up-stairs, you know;
You're a good old — fellow — come, let us go!"

I don't feel sure of his being good,
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood, —
As fiends with their skins full sometimes are, — 65
(He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Boston bar.)
So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out!"

To mind his orders was all he knew;
The gates swung open, and out they flew. 70
"Where are our broomsticks?" the beldams cried.
"Here are your broomsticks," an imp replied.
"They've been in — the place you know — so long
They smell of brimstone uncommon strong;
But they've gained by being left alone, — 75
Just look, and you'll see how tall they've grown."

"And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.
 "Yes, where are our cats?" the witches bawled,
 And began to call them all by name;
 As fast as they called the cats, they came: 80
 There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
 And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
 And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
 And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
 And many another that came at call, — 85
 It would take too long to count them all.
 All black, — one could hardly tell which was which,
 But every cat knew his own old witch;
 And she knew hers as hers knew her, —
 Ah, did n't they curl their tails and purr! 90

No sooner the withered hags were free
 Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree;
 I could n't tell all they did in rhymes,
 But the Essex people had dreadful times.
 The Swampscott fishermen still relate 95
 How a strange sea-monster stole their bait;
 How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
 And they found dead crabs in their lobster-pots.
 Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,
 And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops. 100
 A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
 It was all the work of those hateful queans!

¹⁰⁰ "You wish to correct an error in my Broomstick poem, do you? You give me to understand that Wilmington is not in Essex County, but, in Middlesex. Very well; but are they separated by *running water*? Because if they are not, what could hinder a witch from crossing the line that separates Wilmington from Andover, I should like to know? I never meant to imply that the witches made no excursions beyond the district which was more especially their seat of operations." — Unwritten answer to a correspondent in *Over the Teacups*, page 311.

A dreadful panic began at "Pride's,"
Where the witches stopped in their midnight rides,
And there rose strange rumors and vague alarms 105
'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.

Now when the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles; 110
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.
"Come here, you witches! Come here!" says he, —"
"At your games of old, without asking me!
I'll give you a little job to do 115
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!"

They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain. 120
"Now, then," says he, "you've had your fun,
And here are the cars you've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don't want horses, we don't want steam;
You may keep your old black cats to hug, 125
But the loaded train you've got to lug."

Since then on many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;
On every stick there's a witch astride, —
The string you see to her leg is tied. 130
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful man,

And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
As for the hag, you can't see her, 135
But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,
And now and then, as a car goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

Often you've looked on a rushing train,
But just what moved it was not so plain. 140
It could n't be those wires above,
For they neither could pull nor shove;
Where was the motor that made it go
You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

Remember my rhymes when you ride again 145
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

GROUP II. POEMS AND PROSE BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

ADDRESS TO THE ARMY

Soldiers:

Without the least provocation on our part, a neighbor, glorying in his power, has torn into shreds the treaties that bear his signature and violated the territory of our fathers. 5

Because we have been worthy of ourselves, because we have refused to forfeit our honor, he has attacked us. But the whole world is amazed at our loyal stand. May its respect and its esteem sustain you in this supreme moment! 10

Seeing its freedom menaced, the nation has been deeply moved and her children have hurried to her frontiers. Valiant soldiers of a sacred cause, I have confidence in your tenacious bravery, and I salute you in the name of Belgium. Your citizens are proud of 15 you. You will triumph, for yours is the might that serves the right.

Cæsar said of your ancestors: "Of all the peoples of Gaul the Belgians are the bravest."

Hail to you, army of the Belgian people! In the 20 face of the enemy, remember that you are fighting for liberty and for your menaced hearths. Remember, men of Flanders, the Battle of the Golden Spurs; and you, Walloons, who now stand on your honor, remember the six hundred Franchimontois. 25

Soldiers! I leave Brussels to put myself at your head.

ALBERT

Done at the Palace of Brussels, this fifth day of August, 1914. 30

Albert, King of Belgium

23. The Battle of the Golden Spurs was fought July 11, 1302. An army of the workingmen of Flanders fought and defeated the steel-clad knights of France, who far outnumbered them. The conflict arose from the attempt of France to hinder the exportation of wool from England. This would have meant poverty and starvation for the Flemish, whose main industry was weaving.

25. Beginning in 1830, Belgium fought Holland for independence. The Walloons (or French-speaking people in the south) were the first to lead this struggle, though they were soon joined by the Flemish (or Dutch-speaking people of the north). Six hundred Belgians are buried in "The Place of the Martyrs" in Brussels, which commemorates the first hard fighting of the war. Franchimont is a hamlet near Liège, with a castle, now in ruins (mentioned in Scott's *Marmion*), famous as a stronghold from the twelfth century. From Liège came many of the "Martyrs."

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

- O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! 5
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!
- O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress 10
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, 15
Thy liberty in law!
- O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life! 20
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!
- O beautiful for patriot dream 25
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!

America! America!
 - God shed His grace on thee 30
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

Katharine Lee Bates

BE TRUE

THOU must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul wouldst reach!
 It needs the overflow of heart 5
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed; 10
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

Horatio Bonar

HERVÉ RIEL

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-
 two,
 Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the
 blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
 pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance, 5
 With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-
freville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all; 10

And they signalled to the place

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick — or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
board; 15

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
pass?" laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty
guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
way,

Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons, 20

And with flow at full beside?

Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound? 30

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

Not a minute more to wait!

"Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach! 35

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these

— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second,
third? 40

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Hervé Riel: 45

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools,
or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-
embogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for? 50

Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
 than fifty Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
 there's a way! 55

Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this *Formidable* clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
 well, 60

Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 — Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!"
 cries Hervé Riel. 65

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
 cried his chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief." 70
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face,
 As the big ship with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas
 profound! 75

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past, 80

All are harboured to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as
fate

Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave 85

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance, 90

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-
nance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell! 95

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more, 100

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

I must speak out at the end, 105

Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith our sun was near eclipse! 110
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
 Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke, 115
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty 's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but
 a run? — 120
Since 't is ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got, — nothing more. 125

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack, 130
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
 wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank! 135
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
 Riel.

So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the
 Belle Aurore! 140

Robert Browning

NOBILITY

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*, —
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good — not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in blindness, 5
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure —
 We cannot do wrong and feel right, 10
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
 The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren,
 But alway the path that is narrow 15
 And straight, for the children of men.

'T is not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,

Though he who makes courtship to glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile. 20
 For when from her heights he has won her,
 Alas! it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses, 25
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
 And sometimes the thing our life misses,
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.
 For good lieth not in pursuing,
 Nor gaining of great nor of small, 30
 But just in the doing, and doing
 As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
 Against the world, early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating — 35
 Our part is to work and to wait.
 And slight is the sting of his trouble
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;
 For he who is honest is noble,
 Whatever his fortunes or birth. 40

Alice Cary

NEW EVERY MORNING ¹

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
 Every morn is the world made new.
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
 Here is a beautiful hope for you, —
 A hope for me and a hope for you. 5

¹ By courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

All past things are past and over;
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed. 10

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night. 15

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone. 20

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn. 25

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again. 30

Susan Coolidge

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even; 15
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave 20
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home; 25
But the poor, unsightly noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed, 30
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage; —
The gay enchantment was undone, 35
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth": —
As I spoke, beneath my feet 40
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;

Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground; 45
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird; —
 Beauty through my senses stole; 50
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

MY POPLARS¹

My poplars are like ladies trim.
 Each conscious of her own estate;
 In costume somewhat over prim,
 In manner cordially sedate,
 Like two old neighbours met to chat 5
 Beside my garden gate.

My stately old aristocrats —
 I fancy still their talk must be
 Of rose-conserves and Persian cats,
 And lavender and Indian tea; — 10
 I wonder sometimes as I pass
 If they approve of me.

I give them greeting night and morn,
 I like to think they answer, too,
 With that benign assurance born 15
 When youth gives age the reverence due,
 And bend their wise heads as I go
 As courteous ladies do.

Long may you stand before my door,
 Oh, kindly neighbours garbed in green, 20

¹ By courtesy of the author

And bend with rustling welcome o'er
The many friends who pass between;
And where the little children play
Look down with gracious mien.

Theodosia Garrison

WAR INEVITABLE

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? 5 Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we 10 make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. 15 Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, 20 sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!! 26

The shaven lawns of Oxford, 15
 To seek a bloody sod —
 They gave their merry youth away
 For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
 Who laid your good lives down, 20
 Who took the khaki and the gun
 Instead of cap and gown.
 God bring you to a fairer place
 Than even Oxford town.

Winifred M. Letts

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparelled in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat 5
 And heard the priest chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;" 10
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,

2. *Allemaine* is Germany. The Germans living on the borders of the Rhine were formerly called Alemanni by their Gallic neighbors, and to-day the French name for Germany is *Allemagne*.

6. The *Magnificat* is the song of rejoicing by the Virgin Mary when receiving the visit of Elizabeth. See St. Luke's Gospel, chapter i. In the Roman Catholic service the Latin words of the song at its beginning are *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*.

“What mean these words?” The clerk made answer
meet,

“He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.” 15

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,

“’T is well that such seditious words are sung

Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,

There is no power can push me from my throne!” 20

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,

Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;

The church was empty, and there was no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, 25

Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around,

But saw no living thing and heard no sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, 30

And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,

And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls

As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without 35

The tumult of the knocking and the shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, “Who is there?”

Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,

“Open: ’t is I, the King! Art thou afraid?” 40

The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,

“This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!”

Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;

A man rushed by him at a single stride,

Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak, 45
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 50
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage 55
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height, 65
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize. 70

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;

Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou
here?" 75

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords; 80
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, 85
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door, 90
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms.
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, 95
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head;
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls;
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100

82. *The king's jester* was one of the persons about the king who made sport for the court. He was dressed in a motley garb, which has passed down with changes to that of the modern circus clown. The jester, or fool, plays a conspicuous part in Shakespeare's plays. Scott describes one in the character of Wamba in *Ivanhoe*.

And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again 105
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, 115
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, 120
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling 125
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King!”

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name

106. The fabled reign of the god Saturn was often called “the golden age.”

110. *Enceladus* was a hundred-armed giant, who made war on the gods, was killed by Zeus, and buried under *Ætna*. An old myth attributes the eruptions of *Ætna* to his restlessness.

From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane 130
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, 135
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade, 140
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the
 stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, 145
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, 150
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, 155
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160 .

Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport 165
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; 170
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, 175
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber-floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more 181
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy 185
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours, 190

189. The *Angelus* or *Angelus Domini* is a prayer to the Virgin, instituted by Pope Urban II. It begins with the words *Angelus Domini*

He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, 195
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!" 200

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street: 205
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!" 210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appavelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there 215
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

nuntiavit Mariae (the angel of the Lord announced to Mary). Then follows the salutation of Gabriel, *Ave Maria* (Hail, Mary). The prayer is recited three times a day at the sound of a bell, which is therefore called the Angelus bell. Note line 49 of *Evangeline*, and recall also the well-known picture entitled *The Angelus* by the French painter, Jean François Millet.

SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it, — the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory, 5
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered, 10
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress; 15
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song, 20
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below; —

From the spirits on earth that adore, 25
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;

From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear. 30

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal 35
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know, —
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition, 40
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars, 45
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart, 50
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR ¹

“SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms, 5
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise, 10
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe 15
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,

¹ “This ballad was suggested to me,” says Mr. Longfellow, “while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors.” It is generally conceded now that the Norsemen had nothing to do with the old mill at Newport, which is a close copy of one standing at Chesterton, in Warwickshire, England. The destruction of the armor shortly after it was found has prevented any trustworthy examination of it, to see if it was really Scandinavian or only Indian. The poet sings as one haunted by the skeleton, and able to call out its voice.

5. This old warrior was not embalmed as an Egyptian mummy.

17. The Vik-ings took their name from an old Norse word, *vik*, still

No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee! 20
 Take heed, that in thy verse
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,
 Else dread a dead man's curse;
 For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land, 25
 By the wild Baltic's strand,
 I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon;
 And, with my skates fast-bound,
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, 30
 That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
 Tracked I the grisly bear,
 While from my path the hare 35
 Fled like a shadow;
 Oft through the forest dark
 Followed the were-wolf's bark,
 Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow. 40

used in Norway, signifying creek, because these sea-pirates made their haunts among the indentations of the coast, and sallied out thence in search of booty.

19. The Skald was the Norse chronicler and poet who sang of brave deeds at the feasts of the warriors.

20. The Saga was the *saying* or chronicle of the heroic deeds. There are many of these old sagas still preserved in Northern literature.

38. In the fables of Northern Europe there were said to be men who could change themselves into wolves at pleasure, and they were called were-wolves.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out; 50
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail, 55
Filled to o’erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,

53. There was a famous warrior in the fabulous history of Norway who went into battle bare of armor (*ber* — bare; *særke* — a shirt of mail), but possessed of a terrible rage; he had twelve sons like himself, who were also called Berserks or Berserker, and the phrase Berserker rage has come into use to express a terrible fury which makes a man fearless and strong.

And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast, 70
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all, 75
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand;
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story. 80

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn, 85
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly..

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild, 90
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night 95
Her nest unguarded?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen! 100
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast, 105
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw, 110
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman’s hail, 115
 Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water! 120

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden;
So toward the open main, 125
Beating to sea again,

Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er, 130
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour, 135
Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden’s tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother; 140
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then, 145
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In that vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear, 150
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

“Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars 155
My soul ascended!

There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! skoal !"

Thus the tale ended.

160

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

5

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

15

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!

20

159. "In Scandinavia," says Mr. Longfellow, "this is the customary salutation when drinking a health."

Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained, 25
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken, 30
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

James Russell Lowell

THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old; 5
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares, 10
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants, 15
His stomach craves for dainty fare;

With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee. 20

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part 25
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things, 30
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee. 35

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door; 40
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil, 45
But only whiten, soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands,

Into the shape she breathed a flame to light 10
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving — all husht — behind the mortal vail.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea. 15

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well; 20
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock; 25
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West, 30
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth. 35

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke, 40
To make his deed the measure of a man.

He built the rail-pile and he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free. 45

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place — 50
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills, 55
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham

THE COMING OF SPRING

THERE'S something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new 5
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill
'T is winter, winter still, 10
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring. 15

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run, and laugh, and leap. 20

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain, —

Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

Nora Perry

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic, a sovereign nation of many sovereign states, a perfect Union, 5 one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country 10 to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

William Tyler Page

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troops array
 To Surrey's camp to ride;
 He had safe-conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand, 5
 And Douglas gave a guide:
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whispered in an undertone,
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown." 10
 The train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
 "Though something I might plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest, 15

While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms and thus he spoke: — 20
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone, 25
From turret to foundation-stone, —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, 30
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head! 35
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, 40
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied! 45
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage 50
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? 55
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms, — what, Warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall." —
 Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need! —
 And dashed the rowels in his steed; 60
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous grate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars descending razed his plume.

 The steed along the drawbridge flies, 65
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim;
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand, 70
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
 But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came, 75
 Though most unworthy of the name.

 Saint Mary, mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood
 'T is pity of him too," he cried; 80

“Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried.”
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Sir Walter Scott

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen, 5
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
 folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly! 10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp 15
 As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
 folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly! 20

William Shakespeare

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin 5
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise.

William Shakespeare

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, 5
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow; 10
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde, 15
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie." 20

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, 25
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers, 30
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell, 35
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie." 40

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
far away;

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am
no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of
gear, 5

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are
no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore. 10

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that
day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the
land 15

Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain, 20
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and
to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.
“Shall we fight or shall we fly? 25
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There’ll be little of us left by the time this sun be
set.”
And Sir Richard said again: “We be all good English
men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil, 30
For I never turn’d my back upon Don or devil yet.”

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh’d, and we roar’d a
hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen, 35
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hun-
dred tons, 40
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud, 45
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself
and went, 50
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame. 60
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
night was gone, 65
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
 over the summer sea, 70
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
 all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that
 we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we, 75
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
 stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
 was all of it spent; 80
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men! 85
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her
 in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
 Spain!" 90

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made
 reply:

“We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow.” 95
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore
him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried: 100
“I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!”
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true, 105
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they
knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien
crew, 110

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
 from sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
 quake grew, 115

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
 masts and their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shat-
 ter'd navy of Spain,

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
 crag

To be lost evermore in the main.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And through the fields the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot; 5
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Through the wave that runs forever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot;

Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed 20
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed,
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand? 25
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly, 30
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'T is the fairy 35
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot;

50

There the river eddy whirls,

And there the surly village churls,

And the red cloaks of market-girls,

Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,

55

An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,

Or long-haired page in crimson clad,

Goes by to towered Camelot;

And sometimes thro' the mirror blue

60

The knights come riding two and two:

She hath no loyal knight and true,

The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights

To weave the mirror's magic sights,

65

For often thro' the silent nights

A funeral, with plumes and lights,

And music, went to Camelot:

Or when the moon was overhead,

Came two young lovers lately wed;

70

"I am half sick of shadows," said

The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,

The sun came dazzling through the leaves, 75
And flamed upon the brazen greaves

Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.

The bridle-bells rang merrily 85

As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot. 95

As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed; 100
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river 105

He flashed into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room, 110
 She saw the water lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror cracked from side to side; 115
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over towered Camelot;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote, 125
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
 Like some bold seër in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance —
 With a glassy countenance 130
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot: 140
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, 145
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot;
For ere she reached upon the tide 150
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery, 155
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here,
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer; 165
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, 5
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel;
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands, 10
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall!
 For them I battle till the end, 15
 To save from shame and thrall;
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine;
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns.
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there; 30
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark.
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark. 40
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God! 45
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear, 70
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony 75
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near." 80
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep, 5
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall, — 10

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun 15
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down; 20

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch hat left and right 25
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
“Fire!” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, 35
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word: 40

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost 45
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, 55
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town. 60

John Greenleaf Whittier

CENTENNIAL HYMN ¹

I

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done, 5
And trust Thee for the opening one.

¹ Written for the opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.

II

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain, 10
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

III

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won 15
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

IV

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world, 20
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

V

For art and labor met in truce, 25
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold! 30

VI

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould, 35
Let the new cycle shame the old!

John Greenleaf Whittier

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell 5
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees 10
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room, 15
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

John Greenleaf Whittier

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POEMS AND PROSE FOR READING AND MEMORIZING IN THE EIGHTH GRADE

GROUP I. POEMS BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold, 5
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castle in Spain.

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store, 10
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose, 15
For I own no more castles in Spain!

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock 5
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow, 10
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds, 15
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood. 20

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall 25
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow, 30
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all,
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow. 40

TO THE DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they 5
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow 10
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand, 15
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime; 20

The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent, 25
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass, 30
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above, 35
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long, 40
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers. 45

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam 50

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

CONCORD BRIDGE

ODE READ AT THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FIGHT AT CONCORD BRIDGE

I

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air; 5
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace, 10
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

II

She cometh, cometh to-day: 15
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her nurslings and champions?
Do ye not hear, as she comes, 20
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns,

The gathering rote of the drums?
 The bells that called ye to prayer,
 How wildly they clamor on her,
 Crying, "She cometh! prepare 25
 Her to praise and her to honor,
 That a hundred years ago
 Scattered here in blood and tears
 Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
 Gladness for a hundred years!" 30

III

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
 Creature of diviner mien
 For true hearts to long and cry for,
 Manly hearts to live and die for?
 What hath she that others want? 35
 Brows that all endearments haunt,
 Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
 Smiles that cheer untimely death,
 Looks that fortify despair,
 Tones more brave than trumpet's breath; 40
 Tell me, maidens, have ye known
 Household charm more sweetly rare,
 Grace of woman ampler blown,
 Modesty more debonair,
 Younger heart with wit full grown? 45
 Oh for an hour of my prime,
 The pulse of my hotter years,
 That I might praise her in rhyme
 Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
 Our sweetness, our strength, and our star, 50
 Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
 Who lifted us out of the dust,
 And made us whatever we are!

IV

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is, but round the hem 55
Crimson stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson, on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet, 60
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
Oh, call them rather chrisms than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory-guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head 65
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star 70
Where the grim Puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar:
Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful eyes.

V

Our fathers found her in the woods 75
Where Nature meditates and broods,
The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognized, 80
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were hers:

She taught them bee-like to create
 Their simpler forms of Church and State, 85
 She taught them to endue
 The past with other functions than it knew,
 And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of
 Fate;
 Better than all, she fenced them in their need
 With iron-handed Duty's sternest creed, 90
 'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens word and deed.

VI

Why cometh she hither to-day
 To this low village of the plain
 Far from the Present's loud highway,
 From Trade's cool heart and seething brain? 95
 Why cometh she? She was not far away.
 Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
 With pathos of immortal gain,
 'T is here her fondest memories stay.
 She loves yon pine-bemurmured ridge 100
 Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
 Dear to both Englands; near him he
 Who wore the ring of Canace;
 But most her heart to rapture leaps
 Where stood that era-parting bridge, 105
 O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
 The Old Time passed into the New;
 Where, as your stealthy river creeps,
 He whispers to his listening weeds
 Tales of sublimest homespun deeds. 110
 Here English law and English thought
 'Gainst the self-will of England fought;
 And here were men (coequal with their fate),
 Who did great things, unconscious they were great.

They dreamed not what a die was cast	115
With that first answering shot; what then?	
There was their duty; they were men	
Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,	
Though leading to the lion's den.	
They felt the habit-hallowed world give way	120
Beneath their lives, and on went they,	
Unhappy who was last.	
When Buttrick gave the word,	
That awful idol of the unchallenged Past,	
Strong in their love, and in their lineage strong,	125
Fell crashing: if they heard it not,	
Yet the earth heard,	
Nor ever hath forgot,	
As on from startled throne to throne,	
Where Superstition sate or conscious Wrong,	130
A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown.	
Thrice venerable spot!	
River more fateful than the Rubicon!	
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,	
Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,	135
And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.	

VII

Think you these felt no charms	
In their gray homesteads and embowered farms?	
In household faces waiting at the door	
Their evening step should lighten up no more?	140
In fields their boyish feet had known?	
In trees their fathers' hands had set,	
And which with them had grown,	
Widening each year their leafy coronet?	
Felt they no pang of passionate regret	145
For those unsolid goods that seem so much our own?	

These things are dear to every man that lives,
 And life prized more for what it lends than gives.
 Yea, many a tie, through iteration sweet,
 Strove to detain their fatal feet; 150
 And yet the enduring half they chose,
 Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king,
 The invisible things of God before the seen and known:
 Therefore their memory inspiration blows
 With echoes gathering on from zone to zone; 155
 For manhood is the one immortal thing
 Beneath Time's changeful sky,
 And, where it lightened once, from age to age,
 Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
 That length of days is knowing when to die. 160

VIII

What marvellous change of things and men!
 She, a world-wandering orphan then,
 So mighty now! Those are her streams
 That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
 Of all that does, and all that dreams, 165
 Of all that thinks, and all that feels,
 Through spaces stretched from sea to sea;
 By idle tongues and busy brains,
 By who doth right, and who refrains,
 Hers are our losses and our gains; 170
 Our maker and our victim she.

IX

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
 We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
 Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous wine;
 Better to-day who rather feels than thinks. 175
 Yet will some graver thoughts intrude,

Or on the left your coarse forebodings croak 210
 From many a blasted bough
 On Yggdrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
 That once was green, Hope of the West, as thou:
 Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast;
 For I have loved as those who pardon most. 215

X

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
 At least she is our own to-day.
 Break into rapture, my song,
 Verses, leap forth in the sun,
 Bearing the joyance along 220
 Like a train of fire as ye run!
 Pause not for choosing of words,
 Let them but blossom and sing
 Blithe as the orchards and birds
 With the new coming of spring! 225
 Dance in your jollity, bells;
 Shout, cannon; cease not, ye drums;
 Answer, ye hillside and dells;
 Bow, all ye people! She comes,
 Radiant, calm-fronted, as when 230
 She hallowed that April day.
 Stay with us! Yes, thou shalt stay,
 Softener and strengthener of men,
 Freedom, not won by the vain,
 Not to be courted in play, 235
 Not to be kept without pain.
 Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
 Handmaid and mistress of all,
 Kindler of deed and of thought,
 Thou that to hut and to hall 240
 Equal deliverance brought!

Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her our delight, our desire, 245
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And makes us deserve to be free! 250

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight, 5
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray, 10
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward, 15
Never weary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,

Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest; 20

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring, 25
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be 30
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

“O BEAUTIFUL! MY COUNTRY!”

O BEAUTIFUL! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse, 5
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee? 10
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell 5
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine, 10
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed, 15
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low. 20

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all, 25
For idly, hour by hour,

He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use, 30
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes, 35
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him. 40

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

THE SINGING LEAVES

A BALLAD

I

"WHAT fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter, 5
That lady tall and grand:

“Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red: 10
“For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head.”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair 15
Dim shone the golden crown.

“There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.’” 20

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
“Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

“But she, like a thing of peasant race, 25
That is happy binding the sheaves;”
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy leaves.”

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair, 30
And 't was easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
“Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf, 35
I pray you give it me!”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away. 40

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

“Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page 45
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?”

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran: 50
“Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

“That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves, 55
Or mine be a traitor’s fate.”

The King’s head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
’T will be my dog, he thought, and said,
“My faith I plight to thee.” 60

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
“Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein.”

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate, 65
A maiden to meet him ran,
And “Welcome, father!” she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

“Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,
“And woe, but they cost me dear!” 70
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun 75
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: “I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing ’neath thy window
Are my only heritage.” 80

And the second Leaf sang: “But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom’s fee.”

And the third Leaf sang, “Be mine! Be mine!” 85
And ever it sang, “Be mine!”
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, “I am thine, thine, thine!”

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
 At the second she turned aside, 90
 At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed
 With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
 "I have my hope thrice o'er,
 For they sing to my very heart," she said, 95
 "And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
 But and broad earldoms three,
 And he made her queen of the broader lands
 He held of his lute in fee. 100

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

OVER his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully and far away,
 First lets his fingers wander as they list,
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
 Then, as the touch of his loved instrument 5
 Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
 First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie; 10
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives

The great winds utter prophecies; 15
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
 Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea. 20

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;
 At the Devil's booth are all things sold, 25
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

17. *Druid wood*. Poets are fond of this figure. See "Druid-like device," *Indian-Summer Reverie*; also *Evangeline*, —

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight
 Stand like Druids of old."

The priests of the pagan religion among the Celts, the Druids, performed many rites in the woods, and the oak, especially, and the mistletoe were important in certain ceremonies. For the value attached to mistletoe growing upon an oak-tree, and for the manner of cutting it with a golden sickle, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. Longfellow uses this figure as a means of description, but Lowell gives to it a hidden meaning, which admirably adapts the form to the purpose of this poem. In his thought the trees of the forest have become, in this later time, the bearers of divine messages, thus taking the place of the priests who formerly found in them symbols of secret and unknown influences, potent to bless or to ban.

18. *benedicite*. See "old benedictions may recall" in *Al Fresco*, and Wordsworth's

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benedictions."

27. The reference to the court jester of the Middle Ages is obvious. For the young, the significance of the figure borrowed from the adornment of the king's fool should be interpreted by conversation and illustration.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking; 30
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune, 35
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers, 40
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green, 45
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves, 50
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, — 55
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay; 60

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well 65
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell,
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near, 70
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack; 75
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how; 80
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'T is the natural way of living: 85
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth, 90
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow? 95

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail;
 Shall never a bed for me be spread, 100
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
 Till I begin my vow to keep;
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,
 And perchance there may come a vision true
 Ere day create the world anew." 105
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
 And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
 In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees, 110
 The little birds sang as if it were
 The one day of summer in all the year,
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
 The castle alone in the landscape lay
 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray: 115
 'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,
 And never its gates might opened be,
 Save to lord or lady of high degree;
 Summer besieged it on every side,
 But the churlish stone her assaults defied; 120
 She could not scale the chilly wall,
 Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
 Stretched left and right,

Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent, 125
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, 130
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf, 135
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree, 140
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up 145
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came; 150

The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
 The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
 And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature, 155
 Rased harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
 "Better to me the poor man's crust, 160
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door;
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty; 165
 But he who gives but a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
 Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, 170
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,
 For a god goes with it and makes it store
 To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand summers old; 175
 On open wold and hilltop bleak
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
 It carried a shiver everywhere
 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare; 180

The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars 185
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt, 190
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew:
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief 195
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops, 200
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay 205
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost. 210

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,

203. The Empress of Russia, Catherine II, in a magnificent freak,
built a palace of ice, which was a nine-days' wonder.

And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
 With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide 215
 Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
 The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
 And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
 Hunted to death in its galleries blind; 220
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,
 Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
 Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp, 225
 Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
 And rattles and wrings
 The icy strings,
 Singing, in dreary monotone,
 A Christmas carol of its own, 230
 Whose burden still, as he might guess,
 Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
 The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
 As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
 And he sat in the gateway and saw all night 235
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
 Through the window-slits of the castle old,
 Build out its piers of ruddy light
 Against the drift of the cold.

216. The Yule-log was anciently a huge log burned at the feast of Juul (pronounced Yule) by our Scandinavian ancestors in honor of the god Thor. Juul-tid (Yule-time) corresponded in time to Christmas tide, and when Christian festivities took the place of pagan, many ceremonies remained. The great log, still called the Yule-log, was dragged in and burned in the fireplace after Thor had been forgotten.

PART SECOND

I

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree, 240
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun; 245
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

SIR Launfal turned from his own hard gate, 250
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross, 255
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

SIR Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time; 260
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small, 265

Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade, 270
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

“For Christ’s sweet sake, I beg an alms;” —
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing, 275
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, “I behold in thee 280
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side: 285
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!”

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise 290
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust, 295
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed, 300
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified, 305
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine, 310
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid! 315
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee, 320
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need:

Not what we give, but what we share, —
 For the gift without the giver is bare; 325
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.”

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon: —
 “The Grail in my castle here is found!
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall, 330
 Let it be the spider’s banquet-hall;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall 335
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer’s long siege at last is o’er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise, 340
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal’s land
 Has hall and bower at his command; 345
 And there’s no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

WASHINGTON ¹

FROM UNDER THE OLD ELM

SOLDIER and statesman, rarest unison;
 High-poised example of great duties done

¹ Near Cambridge Common stands an old elm, having at its base

Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God, 5
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed; 10
 Never seduced through show of present good
 By other than unsetting lights to steer
 New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
 More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
 Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still 15
 In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will:
 Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
 Who was all this and ours, and all men's, — WASH-
 INGTON. 20

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
 That flash and darken like revolving lights,
 Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
 On the long curve of patient days and nights
 Rounding a whole life to the circle fair 25
 Of orb'd fulfilment; and this balanced soul,
 So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
 Of draperies theatric, standing there
 In perfect symmetry of self-control,

a stone with the inscription, "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3d, 1775." Upon the one hundredth anniversary of this day the citizens of Cambridge held a celebration under the tree, and Mr. Lowell read the ode from which these stanzas are quoted.

7. At Valley Forge.

Seems not so great at first, but greater grows 30
 Still as we look, and by experience learn
 How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
 The discipline that wrought through life-long throes
 That energetic passion of repose.

A nature too decorous and severe, 35
 Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,
 For ardent girls and boys
 Who find no genius in a mind so clear
 That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
 Nor a soul great that made so little noise. 40
 They feel no force in that calm-cadenced phrase,
 The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,
 That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
 And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of days.
 His firm-based brain, to self so little kind 45
 That no tumultuary blood could blind,
 Formed to control men, not to amaze,
 Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:
 It was a world of statelier movement then
 Than this we fret in, he a denizen 50
 Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

The longer on this earth we live
 And weigh the various qualities of men,
 Seeing how most are fugitive,
 Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then, 55
 Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,

35. The rhythm shows the pronunciation to be decō'rous. The poets vary in their usage. An analogous word is sonorous. Decorum always has the accent on the second syllable.

53. *The daughters of the fen*, — will-o'-the-wisps. The Welsh call the same phenomenon *corpse-lights*, because it was supposed to forebode death, and to show the road that the corpse would take.

The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense 60
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
For this we honor him, that he could know
How sweet the service and how free
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below, 65
And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the most, 70
But kept right on the strenuous up-hill road,
Strong to the end, above complaint or boast:
The popular tempest on his rock-mailed coast
Wasted its wind-borne spray,
The noisy marvel of a day; 75
His soul sate still in its unstormed abode.

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran; 80
She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestrangèd days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men, 85
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe alway what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again

Shines as before with no abatement dim.
 A great man's memory is the only thing 90
 With influence to outlast the present whim
 And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
 All of him that was subject to the hours
 Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:
 Across more recent graves, 95
 Where unresentful Nature waves
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
 We from this consecrated plain stretch out
 Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt 100
 As here the united North
 Poured her embrowned manhood forth
 In welcome of our saviour and thy son.
 Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
 The long-breathed valor and undaunted will, 105
 Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
 Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
 Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
 If ever with distempered voice or pen
 We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back, 110
 And for the dead of both don common black.
 Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
 As we forget thou hast not always been,
 Mother of States and unpolluted men, 114
 Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

98. The name is drawn from a compact in 1040 when the Church forbade the barons to make any attack on their fellows between sunset on Wednesday and sunrise on the following Monday, or upon any ecclesiastical fast or feast day. It also provided that no man was to molest a laborer working in the fields, or to lay hands on any implement of husbandry, on pain of excommunication.

GROUP II. POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

THE SOLDIER ¹

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, 5
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP ²

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, 5
Legs wide, arms locked behind,

¹ From the *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*. Copyright, 1915, by John Lane Co.

² The background of this poem is the battle of Regensburg (Ratisbon) in Napoleon's fifth war with Austria.

As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall, 10
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew 15
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect — 20
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace 25
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire, 30
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye 35
When her bruised eaglet breathes;

“You’re wounded!” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride,
Touched to the quick, he said:
“I’m killed, Sire!” And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead. 40

Robert Browning

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler’s eye 5
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek’st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, 10
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air — 15
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven 25
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, 30
 In the long way that I must tread alone
 Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
 I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays, 5
 For what avails this eager pace?
 I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
 The friends I seek are seeking me; 10
 No wind can drive my bark astray,
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
 I wait with joy the coming years;
 My heart shall reap where it has sown, 15
 And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
 The brook that springs in yonder height;
 So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delight. 20

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave unto the sea;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when 5
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind, 10
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more, 15
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, 20
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess 25
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, 30
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb, 35
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe!
They come! they come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife, 40
The morn the marshalling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent, 45
Rider and horse — friend, foe, — in one red burial
blent!

George Gordon, Lord Byron

SPEECH OF VINDICATION

(EXTRACT)

MY LORDS: — What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence 5 which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and cal- 10 umny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to 15 the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere — whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. 20

When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and virtue — this is my hope: I wish that my mem- 25 ory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High.

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. 30 The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the

artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that 35 they cry to Heaven—be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

I have but one request to ask at my departure 40 from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let no prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain unin- 45 scribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth—then and not till then—let my epitaph be written!

Robert Emmet

KING PHILIP TO THE WHITE SETTLERS

WHITE man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing 5 waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a 10 few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my fathers

sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, 15 and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold and spreads out his parchment over the whole, 20 and says, It is mine. Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither 25 shall I fly? Shall I go to the South, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the West? — the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the East? — the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here I will die! 30 and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps; — the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by 35 thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will 40 strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time, in safety; but remember, stranger, there 45 is eternal war between me and thee.

Edward Everett

SWEET PEAS

HERE are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
 With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
 And taper fingers catching at all things,
 To bind them all about with tiny rings.
 Linger awhile upon some bending planks 5
 That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
 And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
 They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings.
 How silent comes the water round that bend!
 Not the minutest whisper does it send 10
 To the o'erhanging salallows: blades of grass
 Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.

John Keats

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.

 A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

 A tree that looks at God all day 5
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

 A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair;

 Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
 Who intimately lives with rain. 10

 Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, 5
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart. 10
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe — 20
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! 30

Rudyard Kipling

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln

MY LOST YOUTH

- OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me. 5
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- I can see the shadowy lines of its trees, 10
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song, 15
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free; 20
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still: 25
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
- I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, 30

The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will," 35
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay 40
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." 45

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods. 50
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart 55
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,

37. In 1813, when Longfellow was a boy of six, there was an engagement off the harbor of Portland between the American brig *Enterprise* and the English brig *Boxer*. Both captains were slain, but the *Enterprise* won the day and after a fight of three quarters of an hour came into the harbor, bringing the *Boxer* with her.

That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song 60
Sings on, and is never still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak,
There are dreams that cannot die; 65
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill: 70
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet, 75
And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will, 80
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were, 85
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.” 90

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH ¹

It was the season, when through all the land
 The merle and mavis build, and building sing
 Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
 When on the boughs the purple buds expand, 5
 The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
 And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
 And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee; 10
 The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
 Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
 And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
 Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
 Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said: 15
 "Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
 Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
 Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
 The village with the cheers of all their fleet; 20
 Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
 Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
 Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
 Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

1. One of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, supposed to be told by the Poet of the company. Killingworth in Connecticut was named from the English town Kenilworth, but both in England and in Connecticut the name became changed into Killingworth in popular usage, and here that name has become the regular name of the town.

4. Pronounced Kedmon.

12. See the Gospel of Matthew, x. 29-31.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth, 25
 In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
 And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
 Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
 That mingled with the universal mirth,
 Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe; 30
 They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
 words
 To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
 To set a price upon the guilty heads
 Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay, 35
 Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
 And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
 The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
 The skeleton that waited at their feast,
 Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased. 40

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
 With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
 The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
 Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
 Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right, 45
 Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
 "A town that boasts inhabitants like me
 Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
 The instinct of whose nature was to kill; 50

39. There is an old story that the Egyptians used to set up an image of a dead man at their feasts, to remind the guests of the saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
 And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
 His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
 In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
 E'en now, while walking down the rural lane, 55
 He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
 The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
 Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
 Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 60
 And all absorbed in reveries profound
 Of fair Almira in the upper class,
 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
 As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door, 65
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
 His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
 There never was so wise a man before;
 He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!" 70
 And to perpetuate his great renown
 There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
 With sundry farmers from the region round.
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall, 75
 His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,

52. Jonathan Edwards was a famous New England divine who lived in the former half of the eighteenth century, and wrote a great book on *The Freedom of the Will*.

But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart 85
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity 90
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all 95
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food; 100
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain 105
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,

Searching for worm or weevil after rain!

Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet 110

As are the songs these uninvited guests

Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies 115

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to heaven! 120

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember too 125

’T is always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams 130

As in an idiot’s brain remembered words

Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more 135

The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

“What! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,

And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play? 140
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl
Of meadow lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

“You call them thieves and pillagers; but know, 145
They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms, 150
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, 155
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?” 160

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment 165
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws, 170
 But in the papers read his little speech,
 And crowned his modest temples with applause;
 They made him conscious, each one more than each,
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee, 175
 O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
 O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
 Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
 breasts, 180
 Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
 While the young died of famine in their nests;
 A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
 The very Saint Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead; 185
 The days were like hot coals; the very ground
 Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
 Myriads of caterpillars, and around
 The cultivated fields and garden beds
 Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190
 No foe to check their march, till they had made
 The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
 Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly

184. The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew was the name given to the sudden destruction of Huguenots in France, by order of the ruling sovereign, Charles IX., at the instance of his mother Catherine, begun on Saint Bartholomew's Day, i.e. between the 24th and 25th of August. The year was 1572.

193. The Herod thus devoured was the grandson of the Herod who ordered the massacre of the Innocents.

Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
 The canker-worms upon the passers-by, 196
 Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
 Who shook them off with just a little cry;
 They were the terror of each favorite walk,
 The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not complain,
 For after all, the best thing one can do
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.
 Then they repealed the law, although they knew 205
 It would not call the dead to life again;
 As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
 Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look, 210
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere, 215
 Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
 As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue! 220
 A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,

212. The original Doom's-Day or Domesday book was a registration of all the lands in the kingdom of England, ordered by William the Conqueror. The term is also applied to the judgment-book or book of the day of doom.

All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,

By order of the town, with anxious quest, 226

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought

In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought

Were satires to the authorities addressed, 230

While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding-day, 235

And everywhere, around, above, below,

When the Preceptor bore his bride away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,

And a new heaven bent over a new earth

Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth. 240

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX

(Condensed)

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore

That the great house of Tarquin

Should suffer wrong no more.

1. *Lars* in the Etruscan tongue signifies *chieftain*. *Clusium* is the modern *Chiusi*.

2. The Romans had a tradition that there were nine great Etruscan gods.

By the Nine Gods he swore it, 5
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north 10
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home, 15
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place; 20
 From many a fruitful plain;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine; 25

From lordly Volaterræ,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old;

26. *Volaterræ*, modern *Volterra*.

27. "The situation of the Etruscan towns is one of the most striking characteristics of Tuscan scenery. Many of them occupy surfaces of table-land surrounded by a series of gullies not visible from a distance. The traveller thus may be a whole day reaching a place which in the morning may have seemed to him but a little way off." (DENNIS, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*.)

From seagirt Populonia, 30
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
 Queen of the western waves, 35
 Where ride Massilia's triremes
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
 From where sweet Clanis wanders
 Through corn and vines and flowers;
 From where Cortona lifts to heaven 40
 Her diadem of towers.

.
 There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand: 45
 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty 50
 Have their glad answer given:

34. *Pisæ*, now *Pisa*.

36. *Massilia*, now *Marseilles*, which originally was a Greek colony and a great commercial centre.

37. The *fair-haired* slaves were doubtless slaves from Gaul, bought and sold by the Greek merchants.

38. *Clanis*, the modern *la Chicana*.

42. The Etruscan religion was one of sorcery, and their prophets were augurs who sought to know the will of the gods by various outward signs; such as the flight of birds, the direction of lightning, and the mystic writings of the prophets before them.

48. The Etruscan writing was from right to left.

"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven:
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome; 55
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men:
 The foot are fourscore thousand, 60
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day. 65

For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally;
 And with a mighty following 70
 To join the muster came
 The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright: 75
 From all the spacious champaign
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city,
 The throng stopped up the ways;

59. *Tale of men*, cf. Milton's lines in *L'Allegro*, —

"And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn, in the dale."

The *tally* which we keep is a kindred word.

62. *Sutrium* is *Sutri* to-day.

A fearful sight it was to see 80
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled, 85
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses 90
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight 95
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages 100
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay. 105.

98. The Tarpeian Rock was a cliff on the steepest side of the Capitoline Hill in Rome, and overhung the Tiber.

99. *Burghers*, Macaulay uses a very modern word to describe the men of Rome.

102. *The Fathers of the City*, otherwise the Senators of Rome.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands;
 Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
 In Crustumerium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia 110
 Hath wasted all the plain;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

Iwis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold, 115
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all;
 In haste they girded up their gowns, 120
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate. 125
 Out spake the Consul roundly:
 "The bridge must straight go down;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."

110. *Ostia*, at the mouth of the Tiber, was the port of Rome.

112. The Janiculan hill was on the right bank of the Tiber.

114. *Iwis*, cf. Lowell's lines in *Credidimus Jovem regnare*: —

"God vanished long ago iwis,
 A mere subjective synthesis."

Its meaning is "certainly."

127. The *bridge* was the Sublician bridge, said to have been thrown across the Tiber by Ancus Martius in the year 114 of the city.

Just then a scout came flying, 130
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."

On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye, 135
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud, 140
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears, 145
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly 150
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all, 155
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,

153. The Etruscan confederacy was composed of twelve cities.

By port and vest, by horse and crest, 160
Each warlike Lucumo.

There Cilnius of Arretium

On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield, 165
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,

O'erlooking all the war, 170

Lars Porsena of Clusium

Sat in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius,

Prince of the Latian name;

And by the left false Sextus, 175

That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus

Was seen among the foes,

A yell that rent the firmament

From all the town arose. 180

On the house-tops was no woman

But spat towards him and hissed,

No child but screamed out curses,

And shook its little fist.

160. By *port and vest*, by the way he carried himself and by his dress. *Vest*, an abbreviation of *vesture*.

161. *Lucumo* was the name given by the Latin writers to the Etruscan chiefs.

168. *Thrasymene* or *Trasimenus* is *Lago di Perugia*, and was famous in Roman history as the scene of a victory by Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, over the Roman forces.

173. Octavius *Mamilius* of Tusculum married the daughter of Tarquinius.

175. *Sextus*, a son of Tarquinius, and the one whose wickedness was the immediate cause of the expulsion of the Tarquins.

But the Consul's brow was sad, 185
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.

"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down; 190
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth 195
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods, 200

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens 205
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may; 210
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.

205. The Vestal Virgins were bound by vows of celibacy, and tended the sacred fire of Vesta. The order survived till near the close of the fourth century of our era. For a very interesting account of the House of the Vestal Virgins, see LANCIANI, *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*.

In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand, 215
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee." 220
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul, 225
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold, 230
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor, 235
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old. 240

218. The *Ramnes* were one of the three tribes who comprised the Roman Patricians, or noble class.

222. The *Tities* were another of these three tribes.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction, 245
 In battle we wax cold:
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs, 250
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe:
 And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above, 255
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright 260
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread, 265

243. The *Tribunes* were officers who represented the tribes of the common people or *Plebs* of Rome. In the time when the ballad is supposed to be written, there were two strong parties, the Fathers or Patricians (*Patres*), and the Common People or *Plebs*.

253. *Commons*, Macaulay, an English Whig, used a political word very dear to him, as representing the rise of English parliamentary government.

256. The *props* held up the bridge from below. The Latin word for props was *sublicæ*; hence the Sublician bridge. Cf. note to l. 127.

Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter 270
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew 275
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines; 280
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Whó led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers 285
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth: 290
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;

277. *Tifernum* was on the west side of the Apennines, near the source of the Tiber. It is now *Città di Castello*.

280. *Ilva* is the modern *Elba*, renowned as the island to which Napoleon was banished.

285. *Nequinum*, now *Narni*, on the banks of the Nar.

And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii 295

Rushed on the Roman Three;

And Lausulus of Urgo,

The rover of the sea;

And Aruns of Volsinium,

Who slew the great wild boar, 300

The great wild boar that had his den

Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,

And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,

Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns: 305

Lartius laid Ocnus low:

Right to the heart of Lausulus

Horatius sent a blow.

"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!

No more, aghast and pale, 310

From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark

The track of thy destroying bark.

No more Campania's hinds shall fly

To woods and caverns when they spy

Thy thrice accursèd sail." 315

But now no sound of laughter

Was heard among the foes.

A wild and wrathful clamor

From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' lengths from the entrance 320

Halted that deep array,

And for a space no man came forth

To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide; 325
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand 330
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye. 335
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword 340
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow. 345
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius 350
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.

336. The *she-wolf's litter*, the Romans. The reference is to the story of the suckling of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf.

Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped, 355
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus 360
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head. 365

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome, 370
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran, 375
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest 380
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see

On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three: 385
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair 390
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!" 395
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel; 400
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three, 405
And they gave him greeting loud,
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome." 410

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;

And, white with fear and hatred, 415
 Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied; 420
And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius!”
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
“Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! 425
 Back, ere the ruin fall!”

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack. 430
But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder 435
 Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome, 440
As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, 445
 And tossed his tawny mane,

And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier, 450
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind. 455
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning 460
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home; 465
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms, 470
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide. 475

464. *Mons Palatinus* survives in the Palatine hill of modern Rome.
It was the hill on which Romulus founded the city of Rome.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank: 480
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer. 485

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, 490
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case, 495
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber 500
Bore bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!” 505

“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom; 510
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud, 515
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen 520
 Could plough from morn till night;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie. 525

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see;
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee:
 And underneath is written, 530
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

Thomas Babington Macaulay

526. The *Comitium* was that part of the Forum which served as the meeting-place of the Roman patricians.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE¹

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road — 5
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light 10
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving — all husht — behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea. 15

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well; 20
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock; 25
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West, 30
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.

¹ By courtesy of the Author. Copyright, 1919, by Edwin Markham.

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of the spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth. 35

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke, 40
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile and he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free. 45

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place — 50
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills, 55
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham

IN FLANDERS FIELDS ¹

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below. 5

¹ By courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We are the dead; short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe! 10
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high!
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields. 15

John McCrae

PRINCETON, MAY, 1917¹

*Here Freedom stood by slaughtered friend and foe,
 And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
 Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
 Laid them to wait that future, side by side.*

(Lines for a monument to the American and British soldiers of
 the Revolutionary War who fell on the Princeton battlefield
 and were buried in one grave.)

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
 Through dogwood, red and white;
 And round the gray quadrangles, line by line,
 The windows fill with light,
 Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower, 5
 Twin lanterns of the law;
 And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
 The halls of "Old Nassau."

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
 Where redcoats used to pass; 10
 And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died,
 And violets dusk the grass,

¹ Copyright. Used by arrangement with Frederick A. Stokes Co.

By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold 15
The green earth takes the plow.

Through this May night, if one great ghost should stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories, 20
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their souls are linked at last.

Be sure he walks, in shadowy buff and blue, 25
Where those dim lilacs wave.
He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
The promise of that grave;
Then, with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
Touching his ancient sword, 30
Prays for that mightier realm of God in man:
"Hasten thy kingdom, Lord.

"Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars 35
Takes life, takes form from thee;
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one." 40

And those old comrades rise around him there,
Old foemen, side by side,

With eyes like stars upon the brave night air,
 And young as when they died,
 To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers, 45
 Ring for the world's release.
 They see you piercing like gray swords through flowers,
 And smile, from souls at peace.

Alfred Noyes

WHAT HAS ENGLAND DONE ? ¹

STRANGE, that in this great hour, when Righteousness
 Has won her war upon Hypocrisy,
 That some there be who, lost in littleness,
 And mindful of an ancient grudge, can ask,
 "Now what has England done to win this war?" 5
 We think we see her smile that English smile,
 And shrug a lazy shoulder and — just smile.
 It were so little worth her while to pause
 In her stupendous task to make reply.

What has she done! When with her great, gray ships, 10
 Lithe, lean destroyers, grim, invincible,
 She swept the prowling Prussian from the seas:
 And heedless of the slinking submarine,
 The hidden mine, the Hun-made treacheries,
 Her transports plied the waters ceaselessly! 15
 You ask what she has done? Have you forgot
 That 'neath the burning suns of Palestine
 She fought and bled, nor wearied of the fight
 Till from that land where walked the Nazarene
 She drove the foul and pestilential Turk? 20

Ah! what has England done! No need to ask!
 Upon the fields of Flanders and of France

¹ By courtesy of the author and *the New York Times*.

A million crosses mark a million graves:
Upon each cross a well-loved English name.
And ah, her women! On that peaceful isle, 25
Where in the hawthorn hedges thrushes sang,
And meadow larks made gay the scented air,
Now blackened chimneys rear their grimy heads,
Smoke-belching, and the frightened birds have fled
Before the thunder of the whirring wheels. 30
Behind unlovely walls, amid the din,
Seven times a million noble women toil —
With tender, unaccustomed fingers toil,
Nor dream that they have played a hero's part.

Great-hearted England! we have fought the fight 35
Together, and our mingled blood has flowed.
Full well we know that underneath the mask
Of cool indifference there beats a heart
Grim as your own gaunt ships when duty calls,
Yet warm and gentle as your summer skies; 40
A nation's heart that beats throughout a land
Where kings may be beloved, and Monarchy
Can teach Republics how they may be free.

Ah! what has England done? When came the call
She counted not the cost, but gave her all! 45

Vilda Sauvage Owens

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome. 10

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land! 15

Edgar Allan Poe

THE UPRISING IN THE NORTH¹

Out of the North the wild news came,
 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air, 5
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
 And through the wild land everywhere
 The answering tread of hurrying feet,
 While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington; 10
 And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swell'd the discord of the hour.

.
 Within its shade of elm and oak 15
 The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
 There Sunday found the rural folk,
 And some esteem'd of gentle blood.

¹ By courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

In vain their feet with loitering tread
Pass'd mid the graves where rank is naught; 20
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, — 25
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came. 30
The stirring sentences he spake
Compell'd the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand, 35
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant King.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seem'd, a shoulder higher; 40
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes 45
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!

God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so, 50
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day, 55
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had order'd so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er, 60

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seem'd the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life; 65
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung 70
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! war! war!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name, 75
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answer'd, "I!"

Thomas Buchanan Read

MY NATIVE LAND

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

"This is my own — my native land!"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned 5

From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, — 10

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentrated all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust from whence he sprung, 15

Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken 5
The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under; 10

And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white, 15
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits; 20
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning-star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, 45
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 55
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, 65
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; 75
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air, 80
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner 5
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
 That blue blade that the king's son bears, but this
 Blunt thing!" he snapt and flung it from his hand, 10
 And lowering crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout 15
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King
 Sought some new sport to banish care,
 And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells, 5
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool; 10
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord, 15
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away. 20

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept — 25
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all; 30
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
 Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
 That did his will; but Thou, O Lord, 35
 Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,
 And walked apart, and murmured low,
 "Be merciful to me, a fool!" 40
Edward Rowland Sill

BUGLE SONG

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all 5
I should know what God and man is.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS, IN THE
CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, JULY, 1776

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, 5
blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation 10
with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, — is not he, our venerable colleague near you, — are not both already the proscribed and predestined 15
objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up the war? Do we mean to submit to 20
the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all?

Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we 25 intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, — that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere 30 to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that 35 plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget its cunning, and 40 my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through.

And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will 45 strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the 50 footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independ- 55

ence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, Sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail!

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought
is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart! 5

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells,
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle
trills, 10

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the
shores acrowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck 15

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
 will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won; 20

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman

SNOW-BOUND

A WINTER IDYL

(Condensed)

THE sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning moon.
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky 5
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout,
 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, 10
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
 The coming of the snow-storm told.
 The wind blew east; we heard the roar 15
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows 25
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent. 30
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro 35
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun,
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle 45
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent 50
The blue walls of the firmament,

No cloud above, no earth below, —
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers 55
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
 Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat 60
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle. 65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
 Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
 Count such a summons less than joy?)
 Our buskins on our feet we drew; 70
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
 We cut the solid whiteness through;
 And, where the drift was deepest, made
 A tunnel walled and overlaid 75
 With dazzling crystal: we had read
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,

65. The Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy, which inclines from the perpendicular a little more than six feet in eighty, is a campanile, or bell-tower, built of white marble, very beautiful, but so famous for its singular deflection from perpendicularity as to be known almost wholly as a curiosity. Opinions differ as to the leaning being the result of accident or design, but the better judgment makes it an effect of the character of the soil on which the town is built. The Cathedral to which it belongs has suffered so much from a similar cause that there is not a vertical line in it.

77. For the story of Aladdin and his lamp see any edition of *The*

And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said, 85
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone, 95
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense 100
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth

Arabian Nights' Entertainments, or Riverside Literature Series, No. 117.

90. *Amun*, or *Ammon*, was an Egyptian being, representing an attribute of Deity under the form of a ram.

Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear 110
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone. 115

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack 120
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art 125
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room 130
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free. 135
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree* 140

*When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."*

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood, 145
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness of their back. 150
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without, 155
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat; 160
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread 165
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet, 170
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,

And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

We sped the time with stories old, 175

Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
"The chief of Gambia's golden shore."

How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand, 180

As if a far-blown trumpet stirred
The languorous, sin-sick air, I heard

"Does not the voice of reason cry,

Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly 185

Nor deign to live a burdened slave?"

Our father rode again his ride

On Memphremagog's wooded side;

Sat down again to moose and samp

In trapper's hut and Indian camp; 190

Lived o'er the old idyllic ease

Beneath St. François' hemlock trees;

Again for him the moonlight shone

On Norman cap and bodiced zone;

Again he heard the violin play 195

Which led the village dance away,

And mingled in its merry whirl

The grandam and the laughing girl.

Or, nearer home, our steps he led

Where Salisbury's level marshes spread 200

Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;

Where merry mowers, hale and strong,

Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along

The low green prairies of the sea.

We shared the fishing off Boar's Head, 205

And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot. 210
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores, 215
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.
Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel, 220
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase, 225
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days, —
She made us welcome to her home; 230
Old hearths grew wide to give us room,
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side; 235
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;

We fished her little trout-brook, knew
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew, 240
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
 And heard the wild geese calling loud 245
 Beneath the gray November cloud.
 Then, haply, with a look more grave,
 And soberer tone, some tale she gave
 From painful Sewel's ancient tome,
 Beloved in every Quaker home, 250
 Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
 Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint, —
 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint! —
 Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed, 255
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
 His portly presence, mad for food,
 With dark hints muttered under breath
 Of casting lots for life or death,
 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies, 260
 To be himself the sacrifice.
 Then, suddenly, as if to save
 The good man from his living grave,
 A ripple on the water grew,
 A school of porpoise flashed in view. 265
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
 These fishes in my stead are sent

249. William Sewel was the historian of the Quakers.

252. Thomas Chalkley was an Englishman of Quaker parentage, born in 1675, who travelled extensively as a preacher, and finally made his home in Philadelphia. He died in 1749; his *Journal* was first published in 1747.

By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books, 270
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies, 275
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near 280
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted 285
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds 290
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,

269. See Genesis xxii. 13.

273. The measure requires the accent ly'ceum, but in stricter use the accent is lyce'um.

283. A philosopher born in the first century of the Christian era, of whom many strange stories were told, especially regarding his converse with birds and animals.

285. Hermes Trismegistus, a celebrated Egyptian priest and philosopher, to whom was attributed the revival of geometry, arithmetic, and art among the Egyptians. He was little later than Apollonius.

As Surrey hills to mountains grew
 In White of Selborne's loving view, — 295
 He told how teal and loon he shot,
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,
 The feats on pond and river done,
 The prodigies of rod and gun;
 Till, warming with the tales he told, 300
 Forgotten was the outside cold,
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
 Went fishing down the river-brink. 305
 In fields with bean or clover gay,
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his cell;
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid; 310
 And from the shagbark overhead
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
 And voice in dreams I see and hear, —
 The sweetest woman ever Fate 315
 Perverse denied a household mate,
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
 Found peace in love's unselfishness,
 And welcome whereso'er she went,
 A calm and gracious element, 320
 Whose presence seemed the sweet income
 And womanly atmosphere of home, —

295. Gilbert White, of Selborne, England, was a clergyman who wrote the *Natural History of Selborne*, a minute, affectionate, and charming description of what could be seen as it were from his own doorstep. The accuracy of his observation and the delightfulness of his manner have kept the book a classic.

Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails, 325
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood; 330
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care, 335
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but thought of scorn. 340

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act, 345
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest, 350
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part 355
Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes, 360
 Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,
 Or silver reach of river calms, 365
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago: —
The chill weight of the winter snow
 For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow 370
 And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek, 375
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky; 380
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee, 385
 Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
 What change can reach the wealth I hold?
 What chance can mar the pearl and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me? 390
 And while in life's late afternoon,
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,
 I walk to meet the night that soon
 Shall shape and shadow overflow,
 I cannot feel that thou art far, 395
 Since near at need the angels are;
 And when the sunset gates unbar,
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
 And, white against the evening star,
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand? 400

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
 The master of the district school
 Held at the fire his favored place;
 Its warm glow lit a laughing face
 Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared 405
 The uncertain prophecy of beard.
 He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
 Sang songs, and told us what befalls
 In classic Dartmouth's college halls 410
 Born the wild Northern hills among,
 From whence his yeoman father wrung
 By patient toil subsistence scant,
 Not competence and yet not want,
 He early gained the power to pay 415
 His cheerful, self-reliant way;
 Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
 To peddle wares from town to town;
 Or through the long vacation's reach
 In lonely lowland districts teach, 420

402. This schoolmaster was George Haskell, a native of Harvard, Mass., who was a Dartmouth College student at the time referred to in the poem, and afterward became a physician.

Where all the droll experience found
 At stranger hearths in boarding round,
 The moonlit skater's keen delight,
 The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
 The rustic party, with its rough 425
 Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
 And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
 His winter task a pastime made.
 Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
 He tuned his merry violin, 430
 Or played the athlete in the barn,
 Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
 Or mirth-provoking versions told
 Of classic legends rare and old,
 Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome 435
 Had all the commonplace of home,
 And little seemed at best the odds
 Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;
 Where Pindus-born Arachthus took
 The guise of any grist-mill brook, 440
 And dread Olympus at his will
 Became a huckleberry hill.
 A careless boy that night he seemed;
 But at his desk he had the look
 And air of one who wisely schemed, 445
 And hostage from the future took
 In trained thought and lore of book.

.
 Another guest that winter night
 Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
 Unmarked by time, and yet not young, 450

439. Pindus is the mountain chain which, running from north to south, nearly bisects Greece. Five rivers take their rise from the central peak, the Aöus, the Arachthus, the Haliacmon, the Penëus, and the Achelöus.

The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, pursuing guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside 455
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways. 460
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light; 465
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense, 470
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint. 475
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout 480
Knew every change of scowl and pout;

474. See Shakespeare's comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

475. Saint Catherine of Siena, who is represented as having wonderful visions. She made a vow of silence for three years.

And the sweet voice had notes more high
 And shrill for social battle-cry.
 Since then what old cathedral town
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown, 485
 What convent-gate has held its lock
 Against the challenge of her knock!
 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
 Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
 Gray olive slopes of hills that hem 490
 Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
 Or startling on her desert throne
 The crazy Queen of Lebanon
 With claims fantastic as her own,
 Her tireless feet have held their way; 495
 And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
 She watches under Eastern skies,
 With hope each day renewed and fresh,
 The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
 Whereof she dreams and prophecies! 500

 At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely-warning sign 505
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.
 That sign the pleasant circle broke:
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
 And laid it tenderly away, 510

500. This "not unfeared, half-welcome guest," Miss Harriet Livermore, at the time of this narrative was about twenty-eight years old. She once went on an independent mission to the Western Indians, whom she, in common with some others, believed to be remnants of the lost tribes of Israel, but much of her life was spent in the Orient.

Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express 515
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek, 520
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard 525
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost; 530
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the lightsifted snow-flakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew, 535
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout 540
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.

Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go, 545
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold, 550
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
 From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine, 555
 And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law, 560
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-balls' compliments, 565
And reading in each missive tost
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
 And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round, 570
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,

570. The *wise old Doctor* was Dr. Weld of Haverhill, an able man, who died at the age of ninety-six.

That some poor neighbor sick abed 575
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed? 580
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed 585
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid 590
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine, 595
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read, 600
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvel that it told.

591. Thomas Ellwood, one of the Society of Friends, a contemporary and friend of Milton, and the suggester of *Paradise Regained*, wrote an epic poem in five books, called *Davideis*, the life of King David of Israel.

Before us passed the painted Creeks,
 And daft McGregor on his raids 605
 In Costa Rica's everglades.
 And up Taygetus winding slow
 Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
 A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
 Welcome to us its week-old news, 610
 Its corner for the rustic Muse,
 Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
 Its record, mingling in a breath
 The wedding bell and dirge of death:
 Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale, 615
 The latest culprit sent to jail;
 Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
 Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
 And traffic calling loud for gain.
 We felt the stir of hall and street, 620
 The pulse of life that round us beat;
 The chill embargo of the snow
 Was melted in the genial glow;
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
 And all the world was ours once more! 625

John Greenleaf Whittier.

604. Referring to the removal of the Creek Indians from Georgia to beyond the Mississippi.

605. In 1822 Sir Gregor McGregor, a Scotchman, began an ineffectual attempt to establish a colony in Costa Rica.

607. Taygetus is a mountain on the Gulf of Messenia in Greece, and near by is the district of Maina, noted for its robbers and pirates. It was from these mountaineers that Ypsilanti, a Greek patriot, drew his cavalry in the struggle with Turkey which resulted in the independence of Greece.

IN QUEST

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved, with thee
On the great waters of the unsounded sea,
Momently listening with suspended oar
For the low rote of waves upon a shore
Changeless as heaven, where never fog-cloud drifts 5
Over its windless wood, nor mirage lifts
The steadfast hills; where never birds of doubt
Sing to mislead, and every dream dies out,
And the dark riddles which perplex us here
In the sharp solvent of its light are clear? 10
Thou knowest how vain our quest; how, soon or late,
The baffling tides and circles of debate
Swept back our bark unto its starting-place,
Where, looking forth upon the blank, gray space,
And round about us seeing, with sad eyes, 15
The same old difficult hills and cloud-cold skies,
We said: "This outward search availeth not
To find Him. He is farther than we thought,
Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot
Whereon we wait, this commonplace of home, 20
As to the well of Jacob, He may come
And tell us all things." As I listened there,
Through the expectant silences of prayer,
Somewhat I seemed to hear, which hath to me
Been hope, strength, comfort, and I give it thee. 25

"The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On th' rounds of his best instincts; draws no line 30
Between mere human goodness and divine,

But, judging God by what in him is best,
With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast,
And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still
Of kingly power and dread caprice of will, 35
Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.
Can Hatred ask for love? Can Selfishness
Invite to self-denial? Is He less
Than man in kindly dealing? Can He break 40
His own great law of fatherhood, forsake
And curse His children? Not for earth and heaven
Can separate tables of the law be given.
No rule can bind which He himself denies;
The truths of time are not eternal lies." 45

So heard I; and the chaos round me spread
To light and order grew; and, "Lord," I said,
"Our sins are our tormentors, worst of all
Felt in distrustful shame that dares not call
Upon Thee as our Father. We have set 50
A strange god up, but Thou remainest yet.
All that I feel of pity Thou hast known
Before I was; my best is all Thy own.
From Thy great heart of goodness mine but drew
Wishes and prayers; but Thou, O Lord, wilt do, 55
In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,
All that I feel when I am nearest Thee!"

John Greenleaf Whittier

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

(May 30, 1917)

THE program has conferred an unmerited dignity upon the remarks I am going to make by calling them an address, because I am not here to deliver an address. I am here merely to show in my official capacity the sympathy of this great Government with the object 5 of this occasion, and also to speak just a word of the sentiment that is in my own heart.

Any memorial day of this sort is, of course, a day touched with sorrowful memory, and yet I for one do not see how we can have any thought of pity for 10 the men whose memory we honor to-day. I do not pity them. I envy them, rather, because their great work for liberty is accomplished, and we are in the midst of a work unfinished, testing our strength where their strength already has been tested. 15

There is a touch of sorrow, but there is a touch of reassurance also in a day like this, because we know how the men of America have responded to the call of the cause of liberty, and it fills our mind with a perfect assurance that that response will come again in 20 equal measure, with equal majesty, and with a result which will hold the attention of all mankind.

When you reflect upon it, these men who died to preserve the Union died to preserve the instrument which we are now using to serve the world — a free 25 nation espousing the cause of human liberty. In one sense the great struggle into which we have now entered is an American struggle, because it is in defense of American honor and American rights, but it is something even greater than that; it is a world struggle. 30

It is a struggle, everywhere, of men who love liberty; and in this cause America will show herself greater than ever because she will rise to a greater thing.

We have said in the beginning that we planned this great Government that men who wish freedom 35 might have a place of refuge and a place where their hope could be realized, and now, having established such a Government, having preserved such a Government, having vindicated the power of such a Government, we are saying to all mankind, "We did 40 not set this Government up in order that we might have a selfish and separate liberty, for we are now ready to come to your assistance and fight out upon the fields of the world the cause of human liberty."

In this thing America attains her full dignity 45 and the full fruition of her great purpose.

No man can be glad that such things have happened as we have witnessed in these last fateful years, but perhaps it may be permitted to us to be glad that we have an opportunity to show the principles which 50 we profess to be living — principles which live in our hearts — and to have a chance by the pouring out of our blood and treasure to vindicate the things which we have professed. For, my friends, the real fruition of life is to do the things we have said we wished 55 to do. There are times when words seem empty and only action seems great. Such a time has come, and in the providence of God America will once more have an opportunity to show to the world that she was born to serve mankind.

60

Woodrow Wilson

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